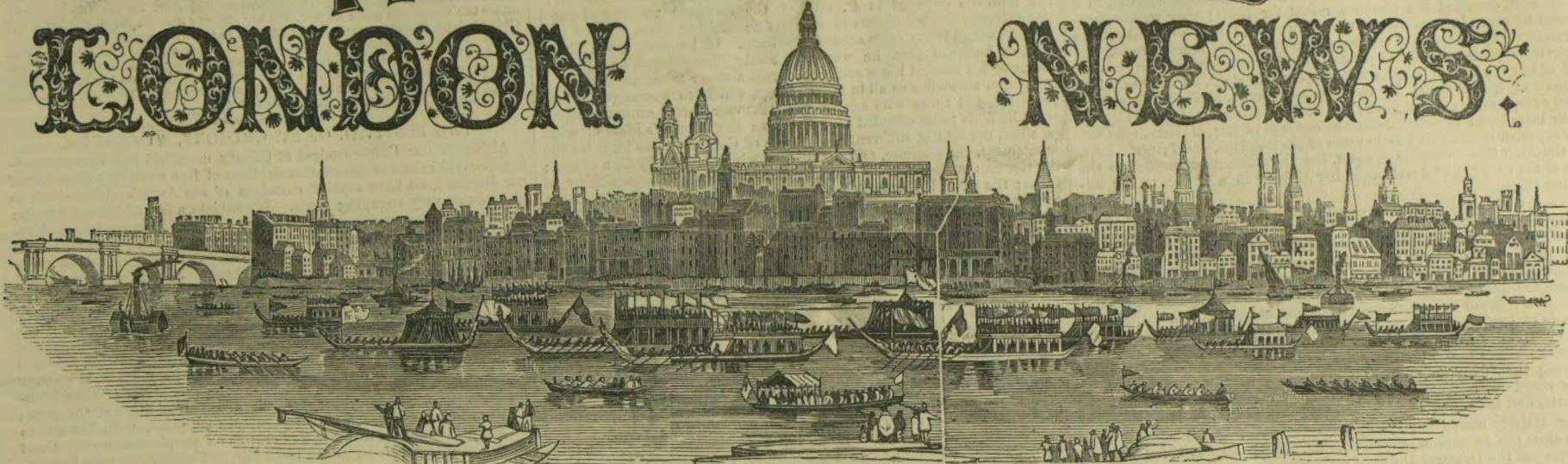


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



No. 175.—VOL. VII.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1845.

[SIXPENCE.]

HER MAJESTY AT GOTHA.

GOTHA, August 28.

YAN early hour, yesterday, her Majesty left Coburg, *en route* for this place, stopping at Meiningen at two, to lunch with the Duke and Duchess; and sleeping at Reinhardtsbrunn, a seat of the Duke of Coburg and Gotha. Her Majesty arrived there at eight o'clock last evening, and is expected at Gotha in the course of this afternoon. In consequence of the *détour* to Meiningen, made by the Royal party, some of the towns and villages on the Coburg and Gotha road were greatly disappointed, all their preparations of flowers, arches, and flags having been thrown away. Here all is gaiety and bustle, the whole city being in gala dress—all festoons and garlands, from one end to the other. At a short distance from the gate by which her Majesty will enter, a large and splendid arch is erected across the road; and from thence to the gate itself the way leads under a roof or arcade of wreaths and flowers. Here the Queen will be received by the municipal and military authorities of the place, with the usual ceremonies. There will be a public festival during her Majesty's stay, and a grand ball at the theatre; but no fixed arrangements are yet made.

GOTHA, August 29.

Yesterday was a "great day" for Gotha; though Kings and Princes walk about its streets without either parade or remark, the expected

arrival of the Queen of England set the whole population astir. As a beginning, the citizens raised a subscription of some six thousand crowns, for money is as much the sinews of festivity as war, and, that to work with, old Gotha was decorated as it never had been before. The style was generally the same as at Coburg, wreaths and garlands disposed along the fronts of the houses; with the addition (in some of the streets) of poles planted along the *trottoirs*, with evergreens twisted round, and a mile or two in length of festoons of the same suspended between them. These preparations extended along the roads two or three miles from the city; every village had its arch, or more or less of decoration. The pines, which abound here, were laid under contribution very extensively; and the dark green of their branches, when relieved by clusters of the bright red berries of the mountain-ash, had a very pretty effect. The barriers across the roads for the collection of the chausse-geld, were raised aloft, and converted for once, by aid of wreath and garland, to the purpose of ornament. Between the city and Reinhardtsbrunn, on the road by which her Majesty was expected to enter, the preparations were the most elaborate. At the point where it joins, almost at right angles, the high-road, a short distance from the city gate, a Triumphal Arch, in imitation of stone, on a much larger scale, than such fabrics created for the moment usually are, was erected. (See the engraving at page 152.) In front of it, towards the city, two stages were placed, one for the municipal authorities, the other for a band of music. The road is shaded on each side by lofty trees, and the avenue from the arch to the city gate was transformed on this occasion into a perfect bower, by garlands suspended across it. It descends to the city in a gentle sloping, and enters it in front of the Palace of Friedenstahl, the residence of the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, where her Majesty is to stay. (See the engraving at page 153.)

The people had evidently resolved that the day should be a festival; the villagers and peasantry were thronging into the city from six o'clock in the morning, in omnibuses of shape and make that would rather astonish Paddington and the Bank, but of wonderful containing powers; and carts and waggons of the most primitive structure, but which, with the good horses and fine roads of this country, do all a vehicle is required to do as well as better. This continued throughout the day, and as all the peasantry donned their best array, and gayest head-dresses, and as every village has a different one, the variety of costume was immense. As groups gathered at the corner of some quaint old street, hung with wreaths and flowers, the scene was more like one of the stage than of actual life.

In the morning, many parties drove out to Reinhardtsbrunn, for a chance of catching a glimpse of the Queen, during her usual drive. The residence is about eight English miles from Gotha. It was once a Priory, or religious establishment, founded by Reinhardt, a monk, whose name it still preserves. It is beautifully situated, just where the plain, in which Gotha stands, begins to rise into pine-clad hills of the same character as the whole of the Thuringian range of mountains, of which the scenery and character are completely Swiss. The mansion is half castle, half country-seat—irregular, but picturesque. (See the engraving at page 153.) On the evening of her Majesty's arrival, a body of the miners from the neighbouring hills, paraded the gardens and forest-paths, around the Chateau, with lighted torches.

Here her Majesty spent the day quietly, while the good city of Gotha was in a perfect ferment: crowds parading the streets—Lancers galloping to and fro, as if the fate of a battle depended on the message they bore—the Burger-guard mustering, and doing their best to look as little like respectable tradesmen as possible. At two o'clock, they took up their



THE FESTIVAL OF ST. GREGORY.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

ground, lining the roadside, from the city gate to the Arch; here they stood for four weary hours, under arms, relieving the tedium of delay by smoking profusely and drinking beer extensively—for the day was hot and the road dusty. It must have been a great support under their arduous duty, but detracted somewhat from their martial appearance. It is beyond the power of belt and buttons to make a respectable, middle-aged gentleman look like a hero, if he mounts guard in spectacles and a pipe—a combination of which there were several instances.

As the afternoon wore on, the crowd gathered into a compact mass along the wide footways; the Municipals, with the Burgomaster, in a Court suit, occupied the platform raised for them; they were accompanied by several clergymen, in their gowns. At last, a distant cannon announced the departure of the Royal *cortège* from Reinhardtsbrunn. The firing was repeated at different points along the road, as her Majesty passed, and at last the head of the procession appeared in sight. It was headed by a body of gens-d'armes on horseback—a number of postilions, here a very respectable cavalry force; the Duke's *Chasseurs*, followed by the Duke himself, on horseback, and the carriage of her Majesty, who was accompanied by the King and Queen of the Belgians, and Prince Albert. At the Arch the procession stopped, the Burgomaster descended to the side of the carriage, and welcomed her Majesty in a speech to the following effect:

"Happy in the consciousness of your Majesty's presence in our town, we lay our most heartfelt devotion at the feet of the great Sovereign of the British Empire. Happy are we that the kind sympathies of the mother and the wife, have never lost their truth or their intensity amid the splendour of the greatest throne of the world. To those sympathies we owe the incomparable pleasure of this day—that of welcoming to the home of a beloved Prince, the greatest and at the same time the most amiable of Queens, as his consort. Little is it in our power to convey to your Majesty the delight that fills our hearts in welcoming such illustrious guests to our humble town. Still we have the consolation of knowing that had the utmost been done in outward demonstration, it never could have equalled the fervency with which we say hail to Victoria, hail to Britain's Queen."

Her Majesty bowed her thanks repeatedly during the address, and at its close the procession moved on, and her Majesty alighted in the courtyard of the Dowager Duchess' residence.

GOTHA, August 30.

The visit of her Majesty is well timed for participating in the public amusements or national festivities of Germany. At Bonn, the inauguration of the statue of Beethoven had drawn together a vast concourse of celebrities, and the ceremony itself was a memorable one; and here the Queen has arrived in the midst of the *vogel-schiessen*, or bird-shooting, a *fête* annually held by a society formed for the encouragement of skill in rifle shooting. It begins on the last Sunday in August, and continues for a week, which is one of great gaiety. The club has a spacious house about half a mile from the town, and, on the square in front of it, a very joyous fair goes on while the *fête* lasts; business is slightly mixed with pleasure, but the latter predominates; there is a little trading, but only in the light wares, that seem manufactured on the same principle all the world over—to look as bright with as little value as possible, for great and universal is rustic simplicity; and the *Autolycus* of the stall, with ready tongue and nimble hand, is not wanting; the head-dress of the female peasants of Gotha must be seen to understand the importance of ribbons in rural commerce; a dozen yards per head is a moderate quantity, and, but for the Zollverein, the demand would make the fortune of Coventry. Other nick-nacks, needless to specify, are here in abundance, to say nothing of shows of conjurors and automata, marvellous monsters, and music; and the eternal roundabouts, which seem the German peasant girls' paradise, and are much more elaborate affairs than with us. All this, however, is but the accompaniment of the *fête*, of which a brief description will suffice.

Every one knows, from Weber's "Freischütz," what importance is attached to winning a prize at these contests of skill as a marksman. In Switzerland, the desire to excel amounts to a perfect passion, and there is scarcely a village without its shooting place; and the triennial match of all the cantons is a national solemnity of no slight political influence. There are many societies of the same kind in Germany, and that of Gotha is one of the best. Their house is a spacious mansion; the ground-floor is fitted up as a shooting room, if the term is admissible, where the rifles are loaded—a very nice operation, as much depends on the proportion of the powder to the weight of the ball. From the sides of this apartment, looking into a garden at the back of the house, a little recess is thrown out, open towards the garden, with an upright beam, to which is fixed a rest for the rifle, which can be raised or lowered at pleasure. The marks are targets of various sizes, figures of animals, that can be put in motion by cords and shot, as it were, running; and, as at present for the *fête*, the figure of an eagle on a high mast, with outspread wings, the firing at which resembles that in the contest of the popinjay, described by Walter Scott in "Old Mortality." Any one may fire, paying for each shot, the money forming a fund from which prizes are given, either in cash or articles of plate. There is a stock of rifles on the establishment, but every one may bring his own if he chooses; they are of all sizes, from the lightness of a fowling-piece to a weight almost impossible to hold without a rest. The *fête* is commenced by a shot from the deputy of the Duke, generally his favourite *chasseur*, and then it is free to all. As a sport, it does not seem very exciting; with a still mark, a heavy piece, a sight that guides the most unskillful, and a trigger that acts with the touch of a feather, it appears almost impossible to miss; to get a prize is not so easy, as the ball must strike certain defined points, which throws an element of chance into it. As an amusement, to excel in it requires more nerve, but scarcely so much skill of eye and hand as billiards. As a means of offence and defence, the value of the rifle is well known in every army of Europe.

The *fête* was proceeding merrily when her Majesty arrived, and it was resolved to take advantage of the concourse of people from the surrounding country who thronged to it, to furnish the Queen with a sight of the peasantry. The terrace in front of the Shooting House was arranged with seats, and served as a large dais, on which was her Majesty, surrounded by all the Royalties at present here. There is a square open space in front of the house, the centre of which was occupied by the crowd: along the three sides, the front of the terrace making one of them, a clear roadway was railed off; the whole area was surrounded by the booths and stalls for the holiday makers. The Royal carriages arrived on the ground at two o'clock, and as soon as her Majesty had taken her seat on the front of the terrace (and behind a short quickset hedge), the head of a procession appeared, the like of which, probably, never passed in review before Royalty. It was composed of the farmers, peasantry, and labourers of all the districts and parishes round Gotha; the farmers rode, the peasantry came in their long narrow waggons, gaily dressed out with arches and leaves for the occasion. They were filled with men, women, and children. The national costume being general among the girls and women, there was no attempt made to produce a greater effect, by selecting the best looking or the best dressed as a show, in any part of the procession. The gayest and richest dresses might be seen in the same waggon with the most ordinary; in fact, the whole seemed arranged in family parties, or friends and neighbours from one village, without any distinction whatever. The men are a strong, sturdy, sunburnt race, and the same description will apply to the farmers; the last were well mounted, the horses here being generally good, but less neatness is displayed in the matter of bridle and saddle than might be wished, where there are ample means of securing it. The procession passed in defile before her Majesty for nearly two hours in one continuous line, and the arrangements were so well made, that no stoppages or confusion occurred. It entered at one corner of the enclosure, passed round in front of her Majesty, and left by the opposite side, crossing the plain in another direction, on their return to the city or their homes, and looking in the distance like a camp of Scythians in motion. As each carriage came in sight of the Royal party, great was the speculation among the peasant girls as to which was really the "Königin"—whether it was the lady in the pink bonnet, or the blue. Their doubts were not set at rest till they approached near enough to be assured by the bow and smile which her Majesty had for all, appearing highly delighted with the whole proceedings. The Queen certainly never gave a reception on so large a scale before. The number of waggons alone was a hundred and twenty, and, taking a moderate average, they held twelve persons each; the detachments of horsemen were very numerous, and they passed on and on till it seemed as if it would never end. The whole "country side" must have been depopulated for the day. The procession began at half-past two, and the last carriage passed

shortly before four, when her Majesty and the whole party left the ground in the same order as they had arrived.

GOTHA, August 31.

Her Majesty attended yesterday a grand hunting in the forest, about four miles from Reinhardtsbrunn.

Every one has read of German hunting, for descriptions of it swell the pages of each tourist and romancer, who has placed his fictions or his facts in the land of our Saxon kindred. We have heard of the gigantic scale on which all the appointments for the chase were made, of the numbers engaged in it, and of the immense amount of game slaughtered; and we picture to ourselves an exciting scene, which a true Nimrod would freely cross oceans to witness. If he once saw a *Treibjagd*, or *battue* of deer, he would be sorely disappointed, and for the sake of his natural life would never cross a street to see another.

Custom reconciles us all to many things, which, to a stranger, appear repulsive, and those who are to the "manner born," cannot conceive what he finds to be offended at. Thus, an Englishman's ideas of what is sport, are totally different from those of Germany; we hunt for the excitement, the exercise, and the danger, which has, of itself, a charm; the German makes the *Jagd* on a principle that produces neither of them; the game is driven in for him by servants, it is confined without the possibility of escape, and shot by a party standing at a table as if they were in a saloon, listening to the waltzes and polkas of Strauss, played by a band in attendance to make the thing as agreeable as possible! All this is far from our notions of what hunting is; but here the practice is established; all who take part in the exclusive amusement, are brought up in the system, which is not the only one, the real "chase," with hound and horn existing also here, but followed with less intensity than in England. If the object of the battue is to thin the large herds of deer by killing a portion of them in the shortest time and with the least trouble, it is quite successful; but of the interest and animation of a hunt, it has none whatever.

Reinhardtsbrunn lies at the edge of the large tract of forest that clothes the mountains of Thuringia, the timber of which produces to the Duke, or rather the State, an immense annual revenue. The mountains are steep, and the pines stand so close that it would be impossible to pass through them on horseback; the great difficulties of riding such a "country" may have tended to encourage the battue. On the present occasion, a beautiful spot was selected for the purpose. It was the crown of a hill, lower than the mountains around it, but still high above the valleys around, forming the area of a kind of natural amphitheatre. The character of the scenery is Swiss—all pine and rock; through an opening in the mountains the view extended to the fertile plain beyond as far as the horizon. The comparatively level space on the crown of this hill was cleared of trees and bushes, except a few not high enough to give any shelter, and inclosed on three sides by a high net-work, with canvass behind it. In the centre, a small circular pavilion was built, open on all sides, carpeted, and fitted up with easy chairs for her Majesty, the Queen of the Belgians, the Duchess of Saxe Coburg and attendants. It was slightly raised from the ground, and around it on the outside was built a fence of pine boughs three or four feet high, forming a kind of gallery, within which stood the marksmen of the highest rank—Prince Albert, the King of the Belgians, Duke Ferdinand of Coburg, and the Prince of Leiningen; for here the field does not level distinctions, and the sport is regulated with all the pedantry of etiquette. Lower down the slope a table was placed, covered with flasks and all the materials for loading, with attendants for the knot of Nobles, Princes, and Counts who were permitted to join the Royal party, but not to fire from the post of honour. A band of music was stationed among the trees, and played at intervals during the whole battue.

For some time previous to the arrival of the shooting party, the drivers, in the uniform of chasseurs, assisted by peasants, had formed a line in the woods, gradually closing in and driving the deer into the enclosed space. They first appeared in straggling parties of threes and fours, but the main body was driven in about three o'clock. On emerging from the thicket into the cleared space, with men before and behind, and scared by the firing and the clang of music, they seemed, after one or two attempts to escape, to become frantic. They rushed rapidly in a long line across the enclosure, and a whole volley of rifle balls was fired into them at little more than good pistol range. Very few, not more than three, fell on the spot; but many, mortally wounded, struggled and died in different parts of the enclosure. Those who escaped, dispersed in various directions, some huddling closely together among the few bushes that had been left standing, apparently stupefied with terror, or as if they knew that any effort was hopeless. When the firing ceased for an instant, the attendants cut the throats of the wounded animals; but many escaped notice, and remained struggling in agony, piteous to witness, for a long time. The contrast of the slaughter that was going on with the strains of light music had something shocking in it, and altogether it was a scene which no sportsman could bring himself to take part in.

At four o'clock, the *Jagd* closed; the dead deer were brought up and laid in the centre, in a line from the Pavilion. Some of them were fine animals; the number killed, large and small, was forty-eight; but it was thought some others would be afterwards picked up and brought in.

Besides the Royal personages before mentioned, the following were of the shooting party:—The Duke of Saxe Weimar, Prince Reuss, Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Prince of Hohenlohe-Waldenburg, Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Prince of Reuss-Ebersdorf, Duke of Wurtemberg, Prince of Furstenberg, Count Mensdorff, and a host of others equally Royal and noble.

The following are some additional particulars of the route from Coburg to Gotha:—

The Royal travellers left Rosenau, on the 27th ult., at eight o'clock, to proceed by Meiningen to Gotha. The weather was pleasant, and the ride through a fair rich country.

Nearly all the villages and the little towns along the road were decked in wreaths and festoons, and the inhabitants, men, women, and children, turned out in their Sunday attire to greet the coming of the Queen.

A few miles beyond Rudach, the first stage from Coburg—a lifeless, tumble-down looking collection of wood and plaster houses—the road passes into the territories of Meiningen. The boundaries, indeed, of the different states, here run in a curious zig-zag fashion. Morsels of different principalities and duchies indenting each other, so that in the course of a few miles travelling you may have journeyed through the lands of half a dozen powers.

At the Meiningen boundary the authorities of the state were in waiting to receive the Queen under a triumphal arch, a few gendarmes and state postilions joining the *cortège*.

Hildburghausen is the first town you pass in the Duchy of Meiningen. Here everything was in a bustle—a very unusual thing within its quiet walls—for the reception of British Royalty. The civic authorities were in full fig, a sort of local National Guard of citizens lined the street, a band dressed in bourgeois discoursed very respectable music, and a pretty double row of little girls, all white muslin and ivy wreaths, were arranged along the principal street.

From Hildburghausen to Gotha you can go by two distinct roads. Her Majesty took the longest in point of distance, and the least interesting in point of romantic scenery, with the view of making a passing call upon the Duke of Meiningen, at his Palace, situated in the capital of the duchy.

The Royal party arrived at Meiningen at two o'clock, lunched there with the Duke, and proceeded on to Reinhardtsbrunn, which they reached shortly after eight o'clock.

They arrived at the Palace of the reigning Duke, at Gotha, about four or five o'clock on Thursday afternoon (the 28th ult.).

Her Majesty looks remarkably well, and, despite the watchful gallantry of her illustrious host, who endeavours to shield her from the scorching rays of the sun, yet, from continual exposure to the air, the *al fresco* breakfasts and dinners at Rosenau, the drives and walks in the country, her Majesty's complexion has assumed a glow of health, the pure and eloquent blood speaks in her cheeks so fervently, that her subjects will scarcely recognise their Sovereign on her return to the Isle of Wight. Prince Albert has lost his habitual pale cast of thought, and looks as if he enjoyed far better health and spirits than when in England.

The Queen bought at Gotha models of the picturesque costumes of the peasants. Whilst her Majesty was inspecting them, Prince Albert exclaimed, "How pretty our Alice will look—she must indeed be anxious for our return."

One great mistake will certainly be corrected by the Royal visit to Gotha. The revenues of the Coburg duchy will no longer be represented as amounting to such an insignificant sum as it has been erroneously supposed. The Reigning Duke has to keep up the establishment of fourteen palaces, and his property in the Thuringer Wald alone realises £50,000 per annum in the sale of timber.

The Queen was to leave Gotha on Wednesday last (the 3rd). Her Majesty was to sleep at Fulda on the first night, and at Wiesbaden or Frankfort on the following night. From thence to Cologne, and, perhaps, pass a day at Brussels, or at the Palace of Laken, with King Leopold; but the interior portion of the route has not yet been definitely arranged, although it is certain that her Majesty will embark at Antwerp.

Great festivities are also going on at the chateau of Rumpenheim, near Frankfort. The Duchess of Cambridge is staying there with a large party of friends and relations. The Duke of Cambridge is expected to join the party there in the course of the ensuing month.

In consequence of the events at Leipzig, the King of Saxony could not leave

his own kingdom, as was his intention, to come to pay his respects to the Queen of England at Gotha. He sent the Baron de Gersdorff, who was formerly Saxon Minister in London, to Coburg, to compliment the Duke and the Queen, and carry his apology.

HER MAJESTY'S RETURN TO ENGLAND.

According to present arrangements, her Majesty and Prince Albert will arrive at Antwerp this day (Saturday) and embark on board the *Royal Victoria* and *Albert* steam yacht, Captain Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, G.C.H., and proceed the same evening to anchorage ground off Flushing, where the Royal yacht will remain during the night; and on Sunday morning start for the Isle of Wight, where the vessel will again anchor, and her Majesty and his Royal Highness will disembark on Monday morning, and proceed to Osborne House.

The *Porcupine*, Captain Bullock; the *Black Eagle* steam-yacht, Master Commander Cook; and the *Lightning* steam-tug, Master Commander Petley, are ordered to proceed to Antwerp, to attend on her Majesty on her return to the Isle of Wight. The *Monkey* steam-tug will also proceed to Antwerp, to assist in conveying the Royal luggage, &c. to this country.

THE FESTIVAL OF ST. GREGORY, AT COBURG.

Although our Correspondent at Coburg described this very interesting Festival in one of his communications of last week (see page 130 of our Journal), we have availed ourselves of our Artist's sketch-book to picture this very engaging scene. We subjoin a few additional details:

As soon as the promenade was over, and the promenaders had returned to the pavilions, the children's turn came. They formed once more in procession, and walked slowly round the inclosure to the music of the bands, passing severally by the Queen. It was a pretty sight. The little fair-haired girls in their chaste costume of white and ivy wreaths; the strange, often grotesque, mixture of the fancy dresses of the boys; the uniforms of the gendarmerie, and of the officers who attended the party; the music, flags, and the general stir and excitement among such a multitude of people,—rendered the whole thing one of the gayest and most animated scenes we ever remember to have witnessed. The procession was a sort of Eton Monstern show in miniature, but with the graceful addition of the girls; and the whole ground on which the festival took place, with the shows and booths, the music, and the gay crowds of people sauntering about and enjoying themselves, looked like a fair, but without its rude license.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARISIANA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Wednesday.

Louis Philippe has been assuredly bitten by some archeologist. For some time past every *savant* that leaves France for Greece or Egypt is commanded to keep his eyes open, and to beg, borrow or steal, any statue, or *torsos*, or *bassi reliefs* that may come within his ken or beneath his fingers. This search has in some instances been successful, but the Citizen King has come rather too late in the field of antiquity to gather much from the well-gleaned harvest. The possession of the Elgin Marbles by the English seems to have awakened the true Egyptian thirst; and though no new well has yet been discovered, a spoonful of the element is better than eternal drought. A really splendid specimen, however, of antique Egyptian statuary arrived last week at the Louvre. It is of black granite, and represents a divinity, with a lion's head. The body is that of a female, exquisitely chiselled, and bearing on the bust the ancient symbol, styled *Polos*. Various hieroglyphics ornament the seat of the goddess, and the anular cross is twice repeated. I rather fancy it to be a statue of Isis, who is frequently represented with figures of different animals. It is to be given to the Musée de Antiques. The sculptures and inscriptions discovered by M. Lebas during his sojourn in Greece, will be placed in the Museum of the Louvre. The King has described that these monuments of the time "When Greece was young," should be placed in the Lower Hall, near to the spot where stand the antiquities of Nineveh. M. Lebas has been wonderfully successful in his search. Many of the specimens are exceedingly fine, and as the ILLUSTRATED NEWS has achieved the reputation of an Art-Journal, a slight reference to the subjects may be acceptable to your myriad readers, ex gr. —

1. Basso reliefo representing Theseus naked, invoking as the hero-protector of Attica. This statue is perfectly executed, and in admirable conservation, belonging to the best days of Grecian art. Its excessive delicacy does not admit a doubt of its age and attributes.

2. A funereal stele of a good epoch, representing a young girl bidding farewell to her parents. The manipulation of a rare finish.

3. Fragments of a frieze supposed to have belonged to one of the lesser temples of the Acropolis, which time or the disasters of war have effected the disappearance. The subject is an Amazonian combat.

4. Basso reliefo (votive) from Corteine or Crete, and in the best school—Jupiter seated with Hebe and Mercury—or, I should say, Europa and Cadmus; for the latter received divine honours in Crete. In the corner is a person habited in a flowing mantle, and of lesser stature than the three divinities, in a supplicatory attitude.

5. Fragments of a small statue, of which the head and a portion of the arm are wanting, but of which it is easy to recognise Hercules seated on a rock; for on the rock is spread the lion's skin, and on the left leg is the club. It is admirably executed, and is peculiarly interesting, as it will doubtless ultimately cast a light on the person of the famous Belvidere Torso, to which it bears a great analogy both in form and pose.

6. A basso-relievo, of the Nine Muses with their attributes, between Mercury and Apollo. As the inscription on the plinth proves, it was a votive monument, consecrated to Apollo. The workmanship is wretched, and of a late epoch. It cannot, properly speaking, be deemed a work of art, but rather an interesting page of the history of the decadence of art among the Greeks, and a proof of the obstinate persistence of the religious practices of the Hellenists until the very last days of Paganism.

To the above, M. Lebas has added twelve marbles, bearing Greek inscriptions, all of which were discovered at Mylusa and Cairo. These are of historical importance, especially three of them, which contain three decrees of the time when the famous Masala was King of Cairo. There are three dates: the first, of the reign of Artaxerxes; the second, Mnemor and Artaxerxes; the third, Ochus; proving they belong to the years 367, 361, and 355 before our era. These are valuable acquisitions. Some of them, I confess, as an Englishman, I should be glad to see transferred to the British Museum. But, after all, art is universal, and every nation of Europe should join in the good work of conservation. Had not this been the case, many of the finest works would have been destroyed by barbarians, and the rarest specimens been consigned to the building of outhouses or cattle-sheds, for some stupid Turk or dirty Egyptian.

Architecture seems to be the besetting rage of the present race of Frenchmen. Streets are removed, houses are taken down, and all sorts of improvements are contemplated; in fact the English mania has passed to this country, increasing during its *trojet* to a perfectly rabid state. I must do France, however, the justice to acknowledge that in almost every instance a positive good is accomplished; for instance, at this moment, in the Rue Traversière or Saint Antoine an edifice is nearly completed—an edifice in a singularly severe style of architecture, which covers an immense surface. It is a

project he had conceived. In spite of the apparent tranquillity which till then he had assumed, in an instant he scaled the parapet of the tower, and precipitated himself from it. The unfortunate victim turns out to have been the Baron Achille Maynard, the possessor of a handsome fortune, and who, but fifteen days since, married the daughter of Comte d'Espagnac. He had but just purchased an equipage, which was to serve for a contemplated journey, in company with his wife and sister, to the banks of the Charente, where he has a chateau, and every one is lost in conjectures as to the cause which could have induced so dreadful a resolution. M. Maynard was the author of two volumes of poetry, dedicated to M. de Martine: for many years he had furnished articles to the *Gazette de France*, and to the *Nation*.

The time is ripe with prophets. Two days since, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a respectably-dressed individual appeared on the Boulevard St. Martin, at the corner of the Rue du Temple, bearing a large wooden cross, painted white, upon which was painted, in large red characters, these words:—"Counsel to all! Misfortune to the Great City! That which has been written is on the point to be accomplished." The crowd began to evince some interest in the strange announcement, and grouped around the man, when several sergents de ville appeared, who quietly carried him away. The grotesque menace seemed to have a wondrous effect on the population of this intellectual and enlightened city.

FRANCE.

We find by the Paris papers that M. Guizot has resumed his duties as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and an ordinance has been published relieving Count Duchatel, who had been appointed to the office temporarily, from the further occupation of it.

The *Constitutionnel* has the following interesting article on the comparative state of the French and English steam navy, grounded upon the report of the French naval commission, over which the Prince de Joinville presided:

"The commission formed by the Minister of Marine to examine questions connected with steam navigation has recently terminated its labours, and is consequently dissolved. The Prince de Joinville has presided at almost all the sittings, and has given the deepest attention to the subjects under consideration, some details of which have transpired. The first point submitted to the examination of the committee, was the present state of our steam-force, and everything connected with the merits of the flotilla which we possess. There was only one opinion on this subject; our present *matériel* was unanimously condemned. The conclusions of the pamphlet of the Prince were admitted without reserve, and to their fullest extent. It is not a steam fleet which we possess, or scarcely anything resembling it. Our two largest specimens have far from realised the opinion formed of them, and the frigates of 450-horse power are wanting both in force and speed. There is no one of them which can be considered as a fighting vessel capable of contending with advantage against an enemy. They are more useful for purposes of transport than those of war. The *Gomer*, the *Asmodée*, and the *Infernale*, the only ones of this class of vessels afloat, have none of the qualities on which confidence can be reposed. If steam power is to be used as an efficacious arm, models should be sought for in which the motive power should be more in harmony with the purposes for which the vessel is required, and where the exigencies of speed should not be constantly opposed to those of armament. This opinion of the members of the commission on the first class vessels enables us to anticipate pretty correctly what their ideas of the inferior class would be. The only steamer of 320-horse power, the *Cuvier*, has been already judged of, and among those of 220-horse power, there could scarcely be an exception made in favour of the *Pluton*, the *Archimède*, and the *Vélocie*. It is the same with the mass of vessels of 160-horse power, which only cut a figure on the navy list, and have become, on account of their small size, unable to be turned to any useful purpose, and which will remain as a sample of a bastard fleet. The commission has not hesitated to condemn these packets, both with regard to their construction and their fittings-up. Justice should, nevertheless, be done: these essays, these mistakes, are almost inevitable with regard to a new force like steam. In turning its attention towards England, the greatest maritime country in the world, the commission has had to point out the same faults, the same weakness, the same errors. The steam-fleet of our neighbours is little more advanced than our own. There have been on the other side of the Channel, as on this, several experiments at once onerous and unfortunate. Several steam-frigates have been rebuilt as many as three times, and others have met with those mortifications at sea which are common to vessels of inferior speed. Private builders have alone improved in England; those of the Government have been left far behind. It is private builders who have built vessels capable of going at the rate of thirteen or fourteen miles an hour; it is they who have applied the screw, and who are every day making fresh improvements."

The marriage of Madile Plessie, the actress, to M. Arnould, a literary gentleman, was published at Paris on Sunday last.

A shocking murder was committed, last week, in the rue Godot de Mauroy, by a man named Guillot. Irritated by some, as yet unknown, cause, he seized a large hammer, and struck his wife three tremendous blows on the skull, which killed her on the spot. On attempting to arrest him, he snatched up a knife, and attempted to kill himself by stabbing himself in the breast, but was happily prevented and secured. Jealousy is thought to be the cause of this crime.

The Duke and Duchesse de Nemours left Cautarets on the 28th ult. for Luz and Saint Sauveur, after giving a dinner, at which the Duke de Rianzares (Munoz, the husband of Queen Maria Christina) sat on the right hand of the Duchess.

Judgment was given, on Monday, in the Tribunal of Commerce of the Seine, in the case in which M. Pepin Lehalleur was defendant, and certain subscribers to his railroad company for the Great Northern Line plaintiffs. The Court decided that as the subscribers who now complained had not paid their deposit money within the time originally fixed by the company, and as any further time afterwards allowed by the defendant was a matter of indulgence on his part, the demand for the plaintiffs must be considered as unfounded; that in consequence the Court decided them to be nonsuited, and sentenced them to pay the costs.

The *Moniteur* announces that Louis Philippe continued to take much exercise. On the 30th ult. his Majesty, after walking through the large park and the plain of Etalonde, mounted his horse at Tréport and continued his ride until half past six o'clock. On the 31st, the King, accompanied by the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, walked for two hours in the park, and afterwards drove to Tréport and Mers, and having alighted at one of the gates of the park, continued to walk until five o'clock.

The weather in Paris has been beautiful, and the most sanguine, and probably well-founded, expectations are entertained of a plentiful harvest.

On Saturday last the Prince de Joinville, accompanied by M. Dumon, the Minister of Commerce, and M. d'Houndetot, the King's Aide-de-Camp, arrived off Havre in the *Pluton*, Government steamer. His Royal Highness had been in this vessel from Tréport to Brighton, and other points on the English coast, and had inspected at Brighton the damage lately done to the floating breakwater. The Prince, on returning to Tréport, found he could not land from the state of the sea, and therefore seized the opportunity of running along the coast to Havre, in order to gain some desirable information, and landed at M. Normand's building yard. After examining the frame work of a beautiful iron yacht being built for the King, his Royal Highness went to the Hotel Frascati, where he had a long conference with the chief naval engineer on the projected improvements of the port. At seven o'clock his Royal Highness set out by land for Tréport, where the *Pluton* returned on Sunday.

SPAIN.

Our letters from Madrid, of the 27th ult., state that the capital was tranquil at that date. The Queen and Royal Family were at Mondragon, in good health. The accounts of the events at Madrid, which had reached Saragossa, had not produced any effect there, as everything was perfectly quiet. There was a report in circulation, that the shopkeepers intended to close their shops again on the following day, which was the last of the delay granted for the payment of their taxes, and that they were about to try to have a subscription opened on their behalf.

TURKEY.

The advices from Turkey are important. Our letters from Constantinople of the 17th ult., state that Riza Pacha has been dismissed from office. No whisper had reached the Ministry of their impending fall, when, on the evening of the 7th, Selim Bey, a household officer of the Royal palace, was despatched, in the name of the Sultan, to demand of Riza Pacha his *Nischan* or decoration of office. This form of proceeding was an act of dismissal to the minister the most unceremonious. On the following day Halyn Pacha, the Capitan Pacha, received also his dismissal; and there is no doubt entertained but that Saffeta Pacha, the Finance Minister, and Chekit Effendi, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, will follow. To fill up the vacancies which have been made by the dismissals just named, Rifat Pacha, formerly in the cabinet, has been appointed President of the Council. Sulymau Pacha being made Commander in Chief, or Grand Seraskier, to make room for him; and Mehmet Ali Pacha, the Sultan's brother in law, has been appointed Capitan Pacha, or Grand Admiral; whilst another of the brothers-in-law of the Sultan, Achmet Fetti Pacha, some years ago Ambassador at Vienna, is to succeed. Mehmet Ali as commandant of the arsenal at Topkany. The successor of Saffeta Pacha will be, it is said, Hadji Sahib Effendi, who held the post of Finance Minister under Reschid Pacha, and Ali Effendi, formerly Secretary to Reschid Pacha, is designated as the successor of Chekit Effendi.

The French papers assert that Riza Pacha was dismissed in a very contemptuous way by the Sultan, but, according to other accounts, the Sultan had granted him a pension of 30,000 piastres per month, and expressed himself highly pleased with his services and loyalty.

The *Augsburg Gazette* gives this version of the affair, in a letter from Constantinople, dated August 13:—"On Friday last, soon after Riza Pacha had received his dismissal, he was ordered to go to the Palace, but, on his entering it, the Sultan said, 'Take the Nischan from this dog, and turn him out.' The order was executed whilst Riza Pacha was in a fainting state. It is difficult to explain the disgrace in which the ex-Seraskier has fallen. It is only known, that two days before his dismissal he received an order never more to visit the Palace, and the next day in the council he was reproached with all the troubles that had broken out in the empire. Riza Pacha, irritated at this language, quitted the council, but was far from expecting the storm that was about to burst over him. All his clerks and servants were

arrested when he was gone to the Palace, and when he returned he found his house deserted, and soon afterwards came an order for him not to quit it. His papers were seized, and his fortune, which is large, has been confiscated. His horses were sold yesterday. It is supposed that he will be exiled to Koniah."

THE ISLAND OF MADAGASCAR.

Accounts have been received from the Island of Madagascar, from which it appears that Ranavalona Manjaka, the Queen of the island, issued an order in the beginning of May, to the effect that all the English and French residing within her dominions must, within eleven days, become her subjects, by having themselves registered and naturalised, or, on refusal, were immediately to quit the island. On the arrival of this intelligence at the Mauritius, the Governor, Sir W. Gomm, without an hour's delay, dispatched her Majesty's schooner, *Thunder*, to the Cape of Good Hope, with information to the Admiral of that station, giving the captain instructions to call in on his way at Tamatave, in Madagascar, to inform the affrighted foreigners that he and the French Governor of the Isle of Bourbon would send the succour without delay. According to arrangements, therefore, her Majesty's frigate *Conway* and his French Majesty's ships *Zelee* and *Berceau* met in the roads of Tamatave. Less harsh conditions having been asked from the Queen, she remained firm to her demands; after which, hostilities immediately commenced. Three hundred and fifty men, of whom one hundred were French soldiers, and the crews of the respective vessels, under the command of Captain Feisick and Lieutenant Heseltine, advanced across a plain, under a sharp fire from the fort and battery of grape and musketry. The enemy, however, were soon dislodged, and the guns all spiked. For a time the fort, which mounted thirty guns, was kept possession of, but having no means of breaching the wall, and the men falling fast, it was deemed better to relinquish the island. Having burnt the custom-house, guard-house, and a considerable part of the town, they landed next day and carried off all the Europeans, with their property; the wounded were likewise brought off, but the heads of those who had been killed were placed on spikes and planted on the beach. The whole merchants in harbour, with the men-of-war, shortly after set sail, no doubt with the view of paying again an early visit when better reinforced. The casualties in this affair have been somewhat severe:—English, 4 men killed, and 1 officer, and 11 men wounded. French, 3 officers and 14 men killed, and 1 officer and 42 men wounded. The dead were mutilated by the Owas, who stuck their heads upon pikes, on the spot where the French and English had landed.

TAHITI.

We have received numbers of the *Océanie Française* of Tahiti to the 20th of April last. The position of affairs was not very favourable. There was still great excitement among the natives, and a disposition to rise on the first favourable opportunity. The *Océanie* publishes a curious address or proclamation by Governor Brut, on receiving the news of the victories of Mogador and Isly, and the exchange of visits between the Sovereigns of France and Great Britain. It was made with a view of creating at the same time a strong impression of the power of France and the friendly relations between that country and England, so as to remove the belief on the minds of the natives that the English natives were disposed to give them encouragement and support in their resistance to the French authorities at Tahiti. The proclamation is in the native language. We translate it as literally as possible. It is as follows:—

"The Governor of all the French lands in the Pacific Sea, great orator of the King of the French, near the King-woman of all the Islands of the Society, to all the chiefs and all the men of all the lands of the Society. Friends, health to you all. This is my speech to all of you. Two great battles were gained by the armies of the King Louis Philippe, the protector of you all, and of us the Sovereign, the one on land, and the other below on the sea. In the battle on land were beaten 40,000 soldiers of the kingdom of Morocco by 10,000 French soldiers. The son of this great land of Morocco was the great chief of all these soldiers. At the other battle we ravaged two towns by the cannonading of the French ships of war, commanded by the son of Louis Philippe, Prince de Joinville, French Admiral. And in the great consternation of the enemy was demanded by him peace. Eight hundred men of Morocco were killed, and 2000 and upwards wounded, and the enemies lost their ground muskets (cannon) which were taken; and a glorious treaty for the French was concluded afterwards on that land."

Here is another speech:—"There came the King-woman of Britain in France a few moons since, and then went also our King, your protector, into Britain to visit Victoria. Great were the honours given to these Kings in France and Britain, and well felt one for the other the two Governments. Such is the true speech that I make known to you all, that you may not be deceived by lying words."

The *Moniteur* contains the following:—

"Despatches have been received by the French Government from the Governor of the French establishments in Oceania, dated the 23rd of April last. Down to that period no fresh act of hostility had taken place at Tahiti on the part of the native population, a portion of which still continued to reside in the entrenched camps of Punavia and Papenoo.

"At the Marquesas, a tribe of Nouakiva, irritated at having been fined for the plunder of some cattle, and the only one which had not frankly submitted to our authority, murdered five soldiers of the garrison on the 28th of January. A detachment of troops, sent to avenge their death, pursued and dispersed the culpable tribe, and were assisted in that operation by all the other natives of the island. The principal murderers were arrested; their chief, Fakoko, was sentenced to death, and was executed. The others were transported. Tranquillity had not been since disturbed. The sanitary and material condition of the establishments of Taiohai and Vaitahu was more satisfactory."

COUNTRY NEWS.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE BIRMINGHAM AND GLOUCESTER RAILWAY.

Last Saturday evening, a melancholy accident took place, about ten o'clock, on the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway, near the Dofford station, which is situated within thirty-three miles of Birmingham and twenty of Gloucester, by which Joseph Ward, a fireman, and Miles, a carpenter, lost their lives; several persons were injured and scalded, two carriages burnt, and two fine engines very nearly destroyed. A luggage train, in the charge of Joseph Ward, engine driver, left Gloucester at nine o'clock for Birmingham, and on arriving at Dofford he ran into a heavy truck which had most culpably been left in his way. The shock was so great as not only to throw the truck on the opposite rails, but to cause the tender to project above the engine and fall upon it. Poor Ward was pressed against the engine rails by the tender, and twenty minutes elapsed ere he was extricated, and not till life was extinct. He was conscious for a good many minutes of the effort which was making to save him. The truck which caused the first accident was thrown on the opposite rails, and whilst in that position a train from Birmingham came dashing on. The driver jumped off and escaped, but the carriages were projected above each other, two of them caught fire, some of the passengers were scalded, and all were more or less injured. One man, of the name of Miles, a carpenter, going home to his wife and family at Cheltenham, was so much cut, bruised, and scalded, that he did not live more than a few hours. Six or seven others were severely cut and scalded, and all in the train very much shaken. About three o'clock on Sunday morning, three of the company's servants arrived; one of them was conveyed to the infirmary, but the others went home. The stoker was very much cut and scalded, but escaped, with his right arm broken in two or three places.

The collision must have arisen from one or other of the following mistakes: either the signals were imperfectly given at the Dofford station, to indicate that an obstruction had to be guarded against, or that no signal was given at all; or that the engine driver fell a sacrifice to his own recklessness in pushing on in spite of the warning.

James Baird, the man who acted as fireman to the unfortunate Ward, makes the following statement:—"We left Gloucester at nine o'clock on Saturday night with the luggage train. When we got to Bredon the pumps of the engine got bad, and, by our attending to them, the fire got very low; but by the time we got to Eggington the pumps were working pretty well, and Ward said he would assist in getting the fire filled up. I then commenced filling up the fire, and he assisted me by opening and shutting the fire-hole door as I put in the coke. I am not exactly sure whether it was the bridge at Dofford, or when crossing the Avon, that Ward said to me, 'Jamie, there's something wrong!' and immediately I saw him shut off the steam. On observing this I began to reverse the engine, and whilst doing so I was thrown off it. As I was falling I felt something strike my shoulder; it was very dark at the time. I was restored after a time to sensibility by the pouring of water over me. On looking up I saw engines and carriages heaped upon each other, and some of them on fire. I asked the person who assisted me if he could tell me anything of Ward. He said, 'Stranger, we will take you to the station; you are not fit to enquire after your friends.' Baird attributes the accident to imperfect signalling at Dofford.

It appears from a subsequent account that William Miles, a carpenter employed by some of the contractors, who was in the down train, was so dreadfully scalded that his death took place early on Monday morning; another person received a contusion of the brain, and lies in a dangerous state at the Gloucester Infirmary; a fourth lies very ill at Pershore; and others are more or less injured. An inquest was held on Tuesday morning before Mr. Charles Best, in the village of Dofford. The company were represented by Mr. Wheatley, their solicitor, Mr. Saunders, their secretary, Mr. Swaine, Mr. M'Connel, and Mr. Paine. General Pasley, the Government inspector, was also present.

The inspector at the station, the porter, and the guard of the luggage train were all examined; but it was resolved to postpone the inquiry till the 15th instant. Mr. Crawford, the foreman of the locomotive department at Gloucester, having announced on his arrival during the afternoon that Baird, the stoker, would not be in a fit state to be examined till about that time.

The evidence given confirmed the details we have given above.

Ward, the unfortunate engine driver, was reckoned one of the best hands on the line. He had been a considerable time in the employment of the company, although intervals had occurred during his engagements. The line is once more in good working order.

A WOMAN EMPLOYED TO BREAK STONES IN OXFORDSHIRE.—Maria Oliver, of Stonesfield, Oxon, a young female, has been of late working on the public highways for the surveyors of that parish. Her pay is sixpence a day. The poor creature's employment is stone-breaking: Edward Oliver, her brother, a lad, has been similarly employed, and at the same wages. It appears that their mother is a widow, with a family, and they have been chargeable to the parish as inmates of the Woodstock Union poorhouse.

SUICIDE OF A LADY AT BRAINTREE HEATH.—On Friday morning week, the body of Miss Sarah Trott, aged about fifty years, was discovered hanging by a silk handkerchief, in a stable, upon Mr. Trott's premises, at Braintree, Essex. The deceased was a respectable inhabitant of the town of Romford, connected with her two sisters in a scholastic establishment, which they have conducted for many years. She had been very unwell for a length of time, and about a week back left her home upon a visit to her brother, at Braintree Heath, for the benefit of her health. An inquest was held upon the body on Saturday afternoon, before C. C. Lewis, Esq., at the Travellers' Inn, Braintree Heath. The jury returned a verdict, "That the deceased destroyed herself, being at the time labouring under insanity."

Poisoning by FUNGI AT NORWICH.—A poor man named Walker, and his wife, of St. Martin's-lane, Norwich, have during the last week been poisoned by eating fungi instead of mushrooms. The man had been after work into the country, and, on his return, brought with him, as he thought, some mushrooms. They stewed and ate them for supper, and on the following morning were very ill. Mr. Firth, the surgeon, being sent for, found that the sickness had been occasioned by eating fungi. The poor woman died on Friday week. The husband was at that time so bad that scarcely a hope of life could be entertained; but on Sunday he was still living, and some hopes are now entertained of his restoration.

THE ANDOVER UNION.—An inquiry has been proceeding for some days before Mr. Parker, an Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner, with a view to elicit the mode in which paupers are treated in this union, and also to ascertain the truth or falsehood of certain allegations against the master. Notwithstanding the time already employed, there seems little prospect of the inquiry approaching its termination; and, from the rambling and disconnected manner in which it proceeds, it is very difficult to make out the purport of the evidence extracted from the witnesses. The proceedings hitherto have not been of much interest, nor has anything transpired to materially affect the master of the workhouse, so far as the bearing of the disconnected evidence could be understood. The principal witness examined was a woman named Hannah Mason, who was known in the union as "the devil," from her harsh conduct to the paupers in the sick ward, where she was nurse. There appears to have been as yet no inquiry into the practice of bone-crushing, which brought this union into notice, and was the cause of the investigation.

CONFLAGRATION NEAR WINCHESTER.—On Saturday (last week) a fire, which has consumed several dwellings, and deprived seven respectable families of their homes, occurred at a village called Mitcheldever, seven miles from Winchester, on the Basingstoke-road, and within two miles of the mansion of Sir Thomas Baring, Bart., Stratton Park. The fire originated from the falling of sparks from the flue of an oven belonging to the bakehouse of Mr. Groom, baker, who, at the time, was raking the wood embers. Pieces of these fell upon the thatch of an adjoining cart-house, which instantly ignited, and the fire communicated itself to the long line of continually thatched, the whole was speedily in a blaze. Very soon after the outbreak of the fire, information of the occurrence was sent to the seat of Sir Thomas Baring, and the Hon. Francis Baring immediately repaired to the scene, having given orders that the engines belonging to the mansion should be promptly conveyed to the spot, with twenty-two men employed upon the domain, who were despatched with them to work them. Meantime, while these arrangements were effected, the flames progressed fearfully. The fire continued to burn until every particle of furniture and stock was destroyed, the houses being gutted, and several valuable pigs, poultry, and domestic animals sacrificed. The loss will be most severely felt, as none of the occupiers are insured. The owner of the houses, Sir Francis Baring, is insured in one of the county offices.

ACCIDENTS ON THE LANCASTER AND CARLISLE RAILWAY.—On Wednesday week, a dreadful accident occurred on the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway line, at the cutting through a large hill upon the Shap Fells, Westmoreland. A portion of the rock had been charged with gunpowder, for the purpose of blasting, when, from some cause or other, the charge would not explode, and two of the workmen returned to it and commenced drilling the stone, to draw out the powder. In doing this they had unfortunately neglected to pour into the hole a sufficient quantity of water to keep the stone moist, and the consequence was that the jumper became heated from the friction, and ignited the powder. One of the poor fellows was blown into the air a height of thirty or forty feet, and came down upon a heap of stones, after which he rolled into a gullet twelve feet in depth; and the other, by the force of the blast, was driven a considerable distance. The unfortunate men did not exhibit any signs of life until medical assistance was obtained, when they partly revived. The injuries, however, are of such a description that there is not the least possible chance of their recovery. On the same day, another labourer upon this line, called William Magee, was killed close to Shap, within four miles of the other accident, by the falling of a large crane upon him. The back part of his head was much fractured, his right cheek bruised, and his right leg broken, besides being severely crushed on other parts of the right.

WAREHOUSE ROBBERY AT MANCHESTER.—Yesterday week a daring robbery was committed on the premises of Messrs. Henry Whittaker and Sons, cotton spinners and manufacturers, of Hurst, a village about two miles from Ashton-under-Lyne, and who also occupy a warehouse in Pool-street, Manchester. The men were at work on Friday night till nine o'clock, when the whole of the premises were locked and made secure; and on



FOUNTAIN OF ELISE, AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

Although the town of Aix-la-Chapelle owes its eminence to Charlemagne, it was known to the Romans: the warm springs were a sufficient inducement to fix that bath-loving people on the spot, and remains of their baths are constantly found in digging.

The Mineral Springs of Aix rise in the centre of the town: they are of two classes—strong and hot, and weak and cool; the first class, of 143° Fahrenheit, containing a larger quantity of sulphur than any other known in Europe. From this class is supplied the *Fountain of Elise*, a

very handsome edifice, with a colonnade; serving or a pump-room and a *café*. The guests, or visitors, repair hither early in the morning to drink the water, which, though conducted in pipes direct from the Emperor's Spring, retains a temperature of 43° Réaumur. A band of music plays at the spot until the middle of September, which is considered the end of the season; and breakfasts and dinners are provided in the apartments during the spring. The building is named after the Queen of Prussia. Our Engraving was sketched during the recent Royal visit.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO GERMANY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

COBURG, August 23.

One of the places visited by her Majesty during her stay here, was the Citadel, or "Festung," the old castle of the Dukes of Coburg, which seems to have been used for many purposes—a fortress, a hunting seat, and a prison. As a fortress, its day is gone, for the walls are old and weak, and there are no cannon; other and pleasanter hunting-seats have been built for the pleasure of the Sovereign; as a prison, it is still appropriated. It is a place, however, of considerable interest, and is always visited. To-day has been a very busy one for the warders, in consequence of the influx of people into Coburg from the surrounding districts.

Supposing it possessed no historical interest whatever, the admirer of beautiful landscapes will be delighted by the view from the walls, which is one of the most extensive and diversified in Europe. It reaches to the mountains of Bohemia, and the nearer hills of Thuringia; the country is either a richly cultivated plain, or hills clothed with "forestri," or tracts that partake of the nature of both; the roads that stretch far and wide can be traced by the lines of trees planted along them; pleasant villages and hamlets appear at intervals, giving life to the scene; beneath, at the very foot of the mountain, lies the town of Coburg; and beyond, the Castle of Kalenberg. It is a "fair land," and the old Saxon Wittiken, who is painted in the Hall as the founder of the line of Coburg—he being the very root of the genealogical tree—must have had good taste, as well as a military eye, when he chose for his seat the strongest as well as most beautiful situation in his dominions.

Within the walls, there was rather more life than usual; numbers of the peasantry were standing about, or, availing themselves of the ac-

commodation of the unfailing pendant of a garrison—a beer-house—were busy with glass and bottle, under the shade of an old tree, beneath which Luther may have sat, with a heartiness that would have delighted the heart of the old Reformer, whose religious fervour had not the



SKETCHED FROM COBURG.

slightest tinge of social asceticism. The sky is almost Italian, the air so soft and balmy, that it is difficult to believe it is not a more southern clime; and the reluctant summer seems to be here overtaken at last.

The interior of the Fortress has been renovated, and the chambers have an air of freshness hardly to be expected from the crumbling and decayed state of the exterior. The first hall, however, is rude enough; frameless portraits, in the style of the last century, of no great merit, are hung round the walls, in a neglected condition, reminding one of the lumber room of a family mansion, to which the effigies of forgotten grandsires have been banished, to be out of the way. A full-length of Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, and a half-length of Frederick the Great, are all that possess any interest. From this gallery, the suites of rooms open, and they are finished and complete specimens of the style of the time in which they were built: the renovation has not been change. The floors are exquisitely inlaid, and as polished as mirrors; the walls are wainscot, of different woods, so beautifully worked as to cause regret that the style has been completely banished among ourselves. The most curious room is the "Horn-zimmer," or Horn Chamber; the most interesting, the apartment of Luther, who here found an asylum, while engaged in his struggle with the Catholic Church. The Horn Chamber is a trophy of the intense love of the chase, which distinguished the nobles of the Middle Ages in all countries; is one elaborate hunting-piece; every panel of the chamber is a representation of some scene of the "shadow of glory, dim image of war;" they are executed in a kind of *marqueterie* or inlaid work, of different woods, with the assistance of colour on the surface. They exhibit a contempt of perspective perfectly Chinese, but some of the outlines have a breadth and rude vigour very remarkable, considering the difficulties presented by the material. The starting of the game, the halt in the woods, and the meal in the open air, the death of the stag, the

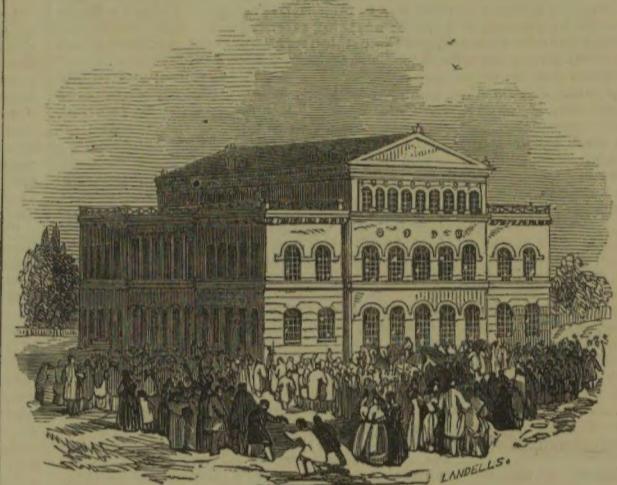


SKETCHED FROM COBURG.

bearing home, the flaying, even the cooking of the venison, with formidable spits, and a most cheering number of cooks—all are there. One scene is a perfect picture of the modern *battue*, with its beaters and wholesale slaughter. There is not one event of the chase omitted; and the artist, if not a hunter himself, must have been directed by some Nimrod of his age—probably, the Duke himself; for skill in the woodland craft seems an hereditary quality in the line of Coburg. Great must have been the solace of this chamber on the days when no hunting was to be had; in the pictured scenes, the reality might be lived over again. There are some carvings, all of the same subject, that are in a much better style.

Another room contains a series of full-length portraits of Tilly, Gustavus, Adolphus, Duke Bernhard of Saxe Weimar, Wallenstein, and the Emperor, Charles V. They are all modern, but in imitation of the old style, and were painted by Schneider; the best, as a painting, is the portrait of Tilly—the most characteristic, that of Duke Bernhard; the head of Wallenstein is disappointing—it has a high, intellectual brow but the expression of the face is that of cunning, rather than the nobleness we attribute to Schiller's hero; it is, no doubt, a copy of an old likeness, and we have no right to expect a realization of all the idealities of the dramatist and the poet.

Two apartments are shown as those occupied by Luther; they look into the interior of the Castle. His sitting-room is elaborately ornamented with painting and gilding—rather too much so for the associations connected with the scene and the name; it might have been kept venerable, but has been made fine. On one side of the door is a portrait, on a panel, of the great Reformer, in a black robe, with the Bible in his hand; the countenance is very expressive. On the other side of the door is that of Catherine von Born, his wife, in a nun-like dress; her face is beautiful, but bears the trace of deep melancholy. Around the room are portraits of the champions of Protestantism—Melancthon, and the rest "who called Luther friend;" they are all in the same style—black on a ground of gold; a copy of an old painting of



THE THEATRE, COBURG.

the Confession of Augsburg completes the decoration of the room. All is bright and polished, as if the finishing touch of the artist had been given yesterday, and it immediately occurs to the mind that it was not thus when the courageous churchman dwelt there; but respect for his memory has prompted the labour, and it is far better than indifference or neglect. The room in which Luther slept is preserved more in its integrity; the hand of the gilder has not intruded here, and several relics of his residence are still existing. His bedstead, broken and decayed, a few boards once belonging to it, and some fragments of a chair stand in the same position they occupied three centuries ago, when the stout frame of the overthrown of an ancient faith sunk upon them exhausted by mental labour. The zeal of the Pilgrims to this shrine has been sadly destructive of the objects venerated; the posts of the bed are cut and hacked to half their original size, and the process is still going on; the German guides are even less respectful than the visitors, and have no scruple whatever in slicing off a piece as coolly as they would chop a billet of fire-wood. There is an ordinary stove in the room, and a bust of Luther stands on a table; but the whole apartment is much in the same state as when he left it. (See the Engraving at page 249.)

In the room mentioned above as containing the portraits of Tilly and other great Commanders, is a remarkable collection of drinking cups—more in keeping with an old hunting seat, than the relics of a theological controversialist. They are of all sizes, and many shapes—narrow topped and broad-bottomed, and the reverse; thick, burly, honest-looking vessels, fitted for the mouth and hand only of capacious drinkers; as Homer describes the stone cast by Ajax, by stating the impossibility of his own degenerate race to lift it; so the mighty cups of our ancestors, which we should fruitlessly essay to drain, prove what must have been our progenitors' powers of imbibition. If they were not "exquisite in their drinking," they were copious, and withal devout; many of these



SKETCHED FROM COBURG.



cups bear round them figures of the Apostles, and of scenes from Scripture; they would appear to us much out of place on a modern decanter; the Crucifixion on a claret-jug would partake of the profane, but it was not so of old: Scripture was the great source from whence artists drew their subjects, and to the present day a taste not dissimilar lingers among the lower ranks of German society. Some of these flagons could never have been made to drink from, for they are almost too heavy to lift. From some such vessel Yorick must have poured the "Rhenish" on the head of the grave-digger, "a pestilence on him for a mad rogue;" others are more portable—but good honest quarts are the lowest measures. Some have ancient golden coins let into their sides, others are carved and painted with most "delicate monsters;" all speak forcibly of many a goodly revel past. But they have not been filled for many a year; their pewter covers open with a sort of sigh from the void, and flap down again with the clamour of hollowness, leaving a faint smell—the mere shadow of a perfume—of spiced wines and fluids, of which we have forgotten the compounds. The *semel imbuta* dwells with them still, and there is a certain social piety in the wish that rises to see them replenished and circling the board once more; but that board must not be mahogany, and they would scorn the frail companionship of glass; the only tap worthy of them would be the Great Tun of Heidelberg, and the occasion nothing less than a revived hunting feast of old Duke Cassimer.

The Armoury is a small but interesting collection; it contains complete suits of mail for the knightly chief, and the corselet and jack of the vassal, cross-bows and bolts in great profusion, lances and spurs, and swords and daggers, in all the varieties of nicely calculated destructiveness. Among them is the sword of justice, or the beheading instrument of the state—a two-handed, short, broad and pointless blade—which is said to have decapitated a hundred criminals, and thus has won its retirement—a new sword being required after that number. It is dull and blunt now, but the steel is good, and capable of bearing a keen edge; it is balanced, so as in a skilled hand to deal a terrific stroke; it is embossed with devout emblems, and a skull and crossbones.

In a dim-lighted room, under the part of the Castle used as the prison, are more relics of olden grandeur; they are the state carriages used by Duke Cassimer—who died during the Thirty Years' War—on the occasions of his first and second espousals. They are very primitive in form, but rich in decoration; carving and gilding have not been spared, and, as they are remarkably well preserved, they are interesting specimens of what a little in the way of comfort could at that time be compensated by a good deal of splendour. The same apartment contains a collection of sledges for the use of the Court—some of them as old as the coaches, others still in service; they are very fanciful in design, terminating in various figures, some of which appear chosen on the principle of contrarieties; one bears a figure of Summer—when they are never used; another a personation of Neptune—where the ocean was never seen. Above these royal properties are lodged the prisoners, fortunately not numerous, nor guilty of very aggravated

crimes. They are employed in different trades; the "hard labour" is the occupation of rasping wood. The barred windows look into a garden, somewhat neglected, but still green and pleasant to the eye, through which strangers are continually walking. Is this a solace to them, or an aggravation of their punishment?

COSUNG, August 26.

The visit of her Majesty to the Court of Coburg approaches its termination; to-morrow all are again on the wing for Gotha: a stay of five days there concludes the tour, and then the route will be homeward, with all possible speed, through Fuhida, Frankfort, &c.

The last few hours of the sojourn here have brightened up into more gaiety than has been visible for the last few days; the whole Court were last night at the Theatre; to-day is the birthday of Prince Albert, and there is a rural festival at Rosenau; the authorities of the town pay their compliments to the Prince; and the day is to be wound up with two balls—one at the Residence (Rosenau), and the other for the worthy citizens, in a saloon just outside the gates of this miniature city.

The "Duke's servants"—for here the Theatre is in the same state as with us, when it produced a Shakespeare, the actors being as completely the *employés* of the State as the army—performed last night a comedy; it was the "Zopf und Schwert," of Karl Gutzkow. The scene of it is laid in the Court of Prussia, in the reign of Frederick William, the father of Frederick the Great; and the title of the piece indicates the two ruling influences of the period—the "sword," and the intrigues of

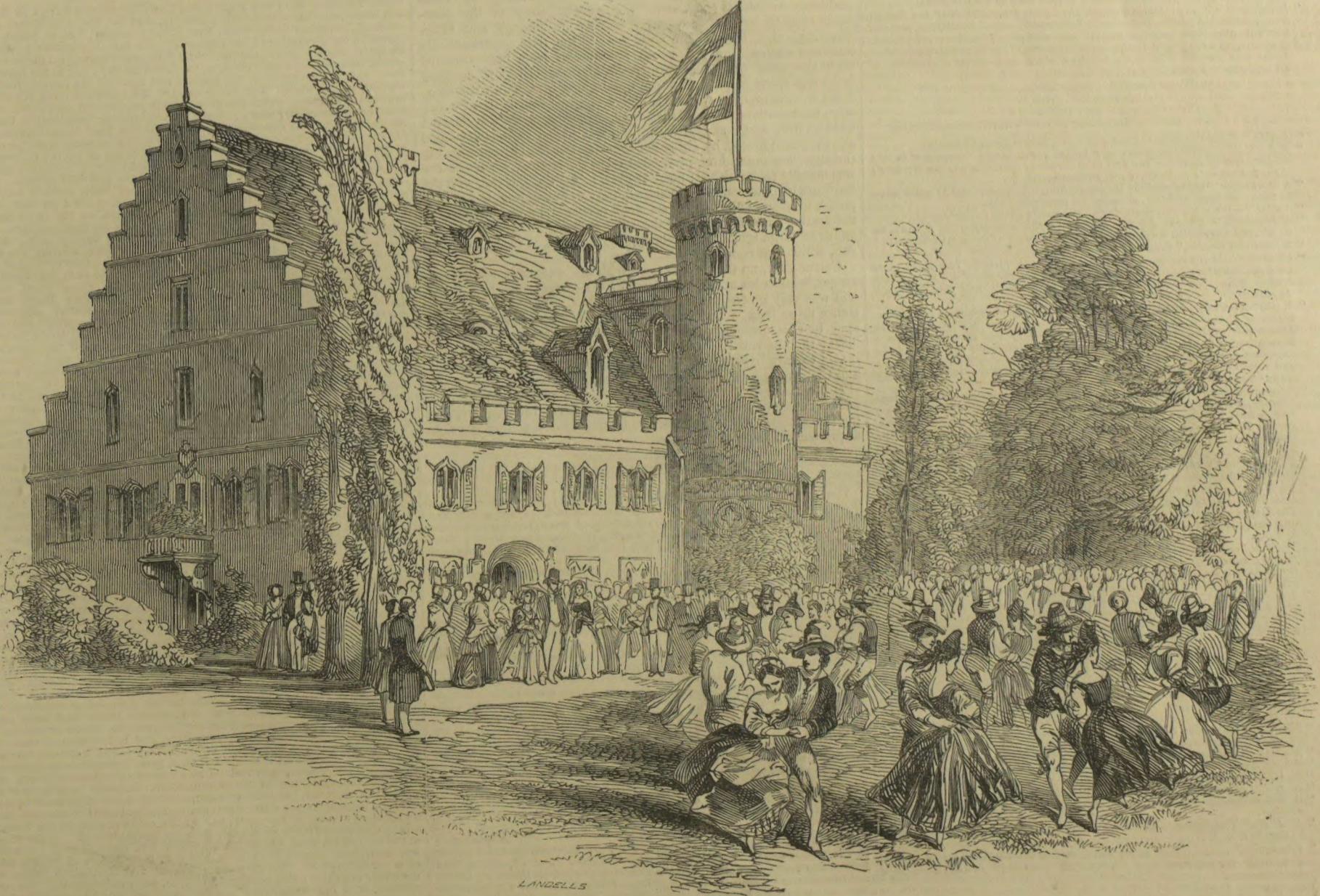
the curtain, "God save the Queen" was played by the orchestra and sung by the audience, with two additional verses, the product of some Coburg muse, as a "farewell greeting" (*Abschiedsgruss*) from all. This is not the only ebullition of poetry *apropos* of the Royal visit—odes and verses of elaborate rhyme hailed the arrival: like most productions of the kind, they have not strength enough to bear translation, and are, moreover, local in their allusions. There are better things in Uhland and Schiller—as the reader will readily believe. But the verses of the farewell song, sung last night by the whole audience, are brief and pleasing enough to be given in the original:—

Der letzte Ton verhallt—
Sie schwand zu rasch, zu bald
Die seel'ge Zeit.
Beglückend und beglückt
Sehn' wir Dich, hochentzückt
Und nun—dem Aug' entrückt
Weilst Du bald weit.

Entrückt dem Augenstern,
Bleibst Du stets—wenn auch fern
Den Herzen nah.
Der Wehmuth Zähre rollt,
Dir aber strahlt hold
Des Glückes Sonnengold,
VICTORIA!

It would be unpardonable to quit Coburg, without noticing one of the Lions of the place—which happens to be a collection of wild boars, kept by the Duke, in a pine forest, about two miles from Rosenau. All the Princes of Coburg have been mighty hunters; leisure and plenty of forest land tended to develop the taste. The late Duke was a first-rate shot, and the present Prince inherits his skill. The establish-

(Continued on page 152.)



CELEBRATION OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT'S BIRTHDAY, AT ROSENAU.

the "pigtail" diplomacy of the time. Both are exhibited in action crossing each other, with the usual mingling of love, as opposed to policy, to add to the perplexities of the plot, all becoming merry as a marriage-bell at last. The company play better in the socks than the buskin, and the piece was admirably put on the stage; there was elegance and finish in all the arrangements, to a degree rarely seen where theatrical management is a commercial speculation. *Fredric William*—his brutalities considerably softened down—was admirably played by a Herr Dobbelen; his stubborn will, military abruptness, and unkingly parsimony, were all well brought out, and coloured with a humour which his Majesty may or may not have possessed, but which the actor, at all events, lent to the character. The *Princess Wilhelmine* (Mille. Mügge) was lady-like and dignified; nothing less could have been tolerated in the presence of so many princely critics. The best scene in the piece, however, was a representation of one of the Royal evenings at Berlin, when King, Council, and Courtiers were in the habit of smoking and drinking together on terms of equality, in the style of "old Sir Simon" of ancient memory. The Monarch and his suite had each a veritable "clay," and the mugs were undeniably of the tap-room; it was characteristic, though kept far below the vulgarity and riot of the Royal *réunions*, as they are described in the memoirs of the time; and the author has contrived to give it a deeper interest, by a touch of feeling and sentiment thrown in at the close, which was highly effective.

Her Majesty was in excellent spirits, and laughed heartily at the "points"—for her knowledge of the language is perfect. At the fall of

the curtain, "God save the Queen" was played by the orchestra and sung by the audience, with two additional verses, the product of some Coburg muse, as a "farewell greeting" (*Abschiedsgruss*) from all. This is not the only ebullition of poetry *apropos* of the Royal visit—odes and verses of elaborate rhyme hailed the arrival: like most productions of the kind, they have not strength enough to bear translation, and are, moreover, local in their allusions. There are better things in Uhland and Schiller—as the reader will readily believe. But the verses of the farewell song, sung last night by the whole audience, are brief and pleasing enough to be given in the original:—

Entrückt dem Augenstern,
Bleibst Du stets—wenn auch fern
Den Herzen nah.
Der Wehmuth Zähre rollt,
Dir aber strahlt hold
Des Glückes Sonnengold,
VICTORIA!

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, September 7.—16th Sunday after Trinity.—Battle of Borodino and Moscow, 1812.
 MONDAY, 8.—Nativity B. V. M.—George III. and Queen Charlotte married, 1761.
 TUESDAY, 9.—Length of Day, 13 hours—United States first so styled, 1776.
 WEDNESDAY, 10.—Tithes first granted, 854—Richard Reynolds, Member of the Society of Friends, died, 1816.
 THURSDAY, 11.—Day dec. 3 h. 40 m.—Lord Thurlow died, 1806.
 FRIDAY, 12.—Intelligence received of British Expedition against China, 1840.
 SATURDAY, 13.—Quebec taken, 1759—C. J. Fox died, 1806.

HIGH WATER at London-bridge, for the Week ending September 13.

Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
M.	A.	M.	A.	M.	A.
h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
5 44	6 6	6 32	7 29	8 7	8 52
5	6	6	7	8	9
37	37	37	37	37	37
10 22	11 5	11 5	11 5	11 5	11 5
43	43	43	43	43	43
0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"H. G." Bolton-le-Moors.—A catalogue of Sir John Soane's Collection may be purchased at the Museum, in Lincoln's Inn-fields.
 "A Poetical Correspondent" is thanked for his suggestion; but we differ with him as to its eligibility.
 "Hugo."—A letter addressed to the artists of the frescoes might be of service.
 "E. T."—Our journal is issued in parts each month.
 "M. B. B."—The fourth volume of D'Aubigné's Work on the Reformation has not yet appeared in France.
 "Omega." Brighton.—We are not in possession of the required information.
 "R. H." Bideford.—Potatoes were first brought from America, by Sir Francis Drake, 1588; introduced into Ireland, 1610; into England, 1650.
 "W. W."—Apply to Mr. Webster, 17, Great Russell street, Covent-garden, as to the value of the Roman and British coins. See Jackson's "History of Wood Engraving," or Vol. 4 of our journal. We cannot estimate pictures by their sizes!
 "M." Kirkudbright.—Felo-de-se implies felony, by willingly and deliberately killing; therefore, such a verdict could not reasonably be returned in a case of temporary insanity.
 "Herodotus" should forward the paragraph to our office.
 "A Correspondent" is thanked for the sketch from Brompton Barracks; but, we have not room for its insertion.
 "The Author of the Evening Melodies."—Nos. 17, 18, and 19 have been received.
 "G. P."—The details of the pigeon-fancier's art are not suited for a newspaper. There will be found some good practical information on the subject in the "Boy's Own Book."
 "A True-hearted Englishman," New York, may dismiss his apprehension. We had no intention of illustrating the brutalizing scene.
 "H. S."—The railway sketch is quizzical, but too slight.
 "A Subscriber," Alphington.—A correct idea of the metres of poetry may be gathered from Mr. Guest's "History of English Metres." Some excellent observations on the subject will be found in Booth's "Principles of English Composition," a cheap but valuable little work; and Mr. Leigh Hunt's "Imagination and Fancy," lately published, may be consulted with advantage.
 "J. R. A."—The "Lines on the Royal Tour" will not suit.
 "A Lover of Chess."—The Nos. shall be forwarded as proposed.
 "Philo-Caïus."—We have not heard of the whistle in question.
 "A Subscriber," Salop.—The fee charged for the victualler's license is, doubtless, correct.
 "A Subscriber."—See No 143 of our journal for information as to the Channel Islands. The price of Mr. Inglis's work is about 12s.
 "G. E. F." Liverpool.—The price of "The Illustrated New Testament," complete, is not expected to exceed 4s.
 "Orion," Scarborough.—Several conflicting opinions as to what constitutes a Gentleman have, of late, been delivered from the bench. Jacob, in his "Law Dictionary," defines a gentleman to be "one who, without any title, bears a coat of arms;" and, according to Blackstone, quoting Sir Thomas Smith, "whosoever studieth the laws of the realm, who studieth in the universities, who professeth the liberal sciences, he shall be called master, and taken for a gentleman." Blackstone defines Esquires to be all who bear office or trust under the Crown, and who are styled esquires by the King in their commissions and appointments; but all gentlemen are now generally termed esquires both in correspondence and in deeds, except solicitors and attorneys, who, in course of business, are called gentlemen.—See "Popular Errors," pp. 267-271.
 "Inquisitive."—Spoonfuls is correct.
 "Justice," Brighton, may find an application to a police magistrate useful for the recovery of his MS., provided he have proof of its delivery.
 "A. C. T."—We are not in possession of the particulars of the Duke of Normandy's death.
 "A. M. T."—A married man can only be at liberty to contract a fresh marriage after he has divorced his first wife.
 "A Constant Subscriber."—The sketch of the yacht Sapphire did not reach us in time.
 "Capt. Grover," Ramsgate, is thanked for the copy of his pamphlet.
 "Isabel Cecilia."—The Aldine Poets is the name of an edition of the British Poets, published by Mr. Pickering, of Piccadilly, who has adopted, not unworthily, the Aldine mark (a dolphin and anchor)—i. e. the mark of Aldo Manuzio, the celebrated Italian printer of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, who surpassed all other printers of his time in the correctness of his books:
 "Would you still be safely landed,
 On the ALDINE anchor ride,
 Never yet was vessel stranded
 With the dolphin by its side."—Sir Egerton Brydges.

"Arabia," Exeter.—Messrs. Knight and Co., Foster-lane, Cheapside.
 "T. C. W." Cheapside.—There are twelve great Livery Companies in the Corporation of London: the first in the order of precedence is the Mercers'; then, 2. Grocers'; 3. Drapers'; 4. Fishmongers', &c.

"A Bookseller" is thanked for the suggestion, which could not be acted upon in time; we have, however, reported the interesting event.
 "Apollo."—We are unacquainted with the merits of the improvement.
 "Notrosemaj."—Thanks for the hint as to the arboretum at Derby; an illustrated description was published at the opening of the establishment.

"A Constant Reader," Cork.—Address, The Amicable Office, Fleet street.
 "Chevron."—In the motto of the Tighe family, as inserted last week, there were two veracious typographical errors, owing to the proof not having been read. Thus, for "Summun," read "Summam"; and for "aptēm," "optēm."

"R. G." Newcastle.—Montreal is the present seat of Government of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, reunited by the Act of the British Parliament of the 22nd of July, 1840. The city and suburbs contain a population of 64,000, having increased in fourteen years 20,000; and the improvements are rapidly advancing. One of the streets is 344 yards long and 30 feet wide. Previous to 1840, Quebec was the seat of Government of Lower Canada.

"A Constant Reader," Southampton.—The depth of the stage of Drury-lane Theatre, from the foot: lights to the back wall, is 90ft. 3in.; the width, from wall to wall, 77ft. 5in. The similar measurements of the stage of Covent-garden Theatre are 68ft. depth; width, 82ft. 6in. The width of the Drury-lane proscenium, at the curtain, is 40ft.; of the Covent-garden proscenium, 38ft. 8in.

"U. V. W."—A person without pedigree on either side can obtain a grant of arms upon payment of the customary fees.

"H. W. D."—The Marquis of Lorn married, 31st of July, 1844, Lady Elizabeth Georgiana Lennox Gower, eldest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland. The Marquis's mother (who died on the 22nd of January, 1828) was Joan, only daughter and heiress of John Glassel, Esq., of Long Niddry, in East Lothian.

"W. S. M."—No one untitled to arms can take the ensigns of his wife's family; nor can a widow, whose husband had no armorial bearings, bear her maiden arms, or, indeed, any arms at all. The issue of such marriage inherit no shield.

"A Philanthropist" is thanked for his hint, but the list of the apparatus suggested would occupy more room than we can possibly spare.

"L."—An Old Subscriber.—The catastrophe at Rouen was detailed in the late edition of our journal of the 23rd ult.

"C. S." Exeter.—We do not know precisely the depth of Ramsgate Harbour. The recent Parliamentary Report on Harbours of Refuge may, possibly, supply the information sought.

"A Bookseller," Jedburgh.—Seal engravers take impressions of seals in wax by first oiling the seal, and dusting over it vermilion, previously to placing it upon the wax.

"W. H. P." Lisburn, is thanked, but we have not room for the sketch.

"W. C. Z." is referred to the Census of 1841, published in our journal.

"W. H. P." should appeal to the Income-tax Commissioners for his district.

"W. R. J." Ashford.—We do not know.

"A Civil Engineer."—The charge for the advertisement will be 12s. remitted.

"N. R." is liable to the toll.

"R. R." London-street.—We have not room.

"A Subscriber."—The custom of drinking healths in private parties is obsolete.

"H. A. H." Tewkesbury.—The exact variation, at present, of the compass is 24 deg. 30 min. W.

"épervier," Cullercoats.—Derby and Hertford are now mostly pronounced as written: the substitution of "a" for the letter "e" in each name is a provincialism.

INELIGIBLE.—"Oxon."

ERRATUM.—Mr. Bewicraft's address is Barnstaple, Devon; not Brighton, as stated in our Journal of the 23rd ult.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1845.

It is always a source of pleasure to the members of a community so essentially mercantile as the great majority of the population of Great Britain is, to find the light of a liberal commercial policy extending, and making, if not rapid, at least steady, progress throughout the various nations into which civilised mankind is divided. But that feeling of honest pleasure and generous satisfaction, which the advance of enlightenment thus affords, is greatly enhanced, when the light of the true principles of commerce is found penetrating into those countries where, previously, the utmost darkness and most perverse ignorance, as far as relates to this subject, prevailed—where the smuggler, when the Government imposed absurdly high and restrictive duties on the import of foreign goods, stepped in, and corrected the abuse; where, in consequence, the fair trader and the honest dealer were condemned to poverty, and, but too often, to complete ruin; and the contrabandist alone prospered, while the interest of the consumer, badly understood, at the best, was totally disregarded on all sides. A gratification such as we refer to has been lately presented to us by an announcement which has recently appeared in the French papers, that the Government of his Holiness the Pope has modified the Roman tariff, and consented to admit into the ports of the Papal States manufactured goods, at a much lower rate of duty than that which hitherto existed. Some of the articles, and the rates of duty at which they are to be in future admitted, are—cloths and woolen fabrics, other than the coarse articles manufactured in the country, twenty-five Roman crowns, instead of sixty, the former duty; mixed fabrics, of silk and cotton, &c., fifty, instead of one hundred Roman crowns; cotton velvets, forty-three, instead of sixty-five Roman crowns. There are, also, similar reductions on such articles as coffee, sugar, &c. &c.

One of the causes assigned by our foreign contemporaries for this change of policy on the part of a State which, in every sense of the word, is the most *Conservative* in the south of Europe—since it conserves unchanged, not only its ancient institutions, but the long-established abuses of them also, as the age had rendered even them too venerable to be touched by the hand of the innovator and reformer of modern times—is the fact of the mitred Statesmen of "The Eternal City" having had their eyes opened to the folly of their ways by finding their treasury empty. Their Eminences have, it is said, at last found out that all the profits, be they great or small, which the trade of the Romagna yielded, found their way into the pockets of those profane gentry—the contrabandists—alone, and that the customs revenue of the Pontifical States was represented by the word *nil*; and forthwith they set about righting matters which had so long gone wrong. At all events, whatever the motive be which has led to this incipient reform, we hail the fact as a good omen of what the future may bring forth for Italy; and, without any irreverence towards his Holiness, we may, on the occasion of it, say to him, in the ancient language of his own fair land, *macte virtute*.

THE great number and variety of accidents which have recently occurred on several railways, both in England and Scotland, not only call for public animadversion, but also for the adoption, by the Legislature, of some effective means to put a stop to the carelessness which seems to prevail in the management of, we regret to be obliged to say, a very great many lines. One of the first measures which Parliament, in the next session, should immediately direct its attention to, is one the object of which should be to visit with heavy penalties all those parties engaged in the management of railways who should be convicted of the slightest remissness, whether the accident consequent on such remissness were trifling or not. One of the most alarming of those accidents which it has been the painful duty of the journalist recently to record, occurred on the Edinburgh and Glasgow line; and, but that the train was at the time providentially near to a station, it would, in all probability, have been attended with the most disastrous results. When the Glasgow morning train was about a mile from the Castlecary Station, a cattle-box, filled with household furniture, and a luggage van, both of which were between the engine and the passenger-carriages, were discovered to be on fire; and, though the engineer was hailed by the passengers and the guard to stop, he, either not choosing to heed, or not observing the signals made to him, proceeded on to the station, where the fire was quickly extinguished; but, however, before the first van, with the furniture it contained, was consumed, the loss amounting, it was supposed, to about £200. The accident occurred in consequence of the grating of the fire-box of the engine being so defective as to admit of large ignited coals being blown from it to the luggage-van, which was contiguous.

Fortunately, no person was hurt, with the exception of one passenger, who in his alarm leaped out of the carriage in which he sat, and was very much bruised about the face. The evil in this instance arose from a very slight cause, and could have been obviated by the most ordinary attention. It seems the act rather of insanity than of rational men to place an uncovered van, which this is said to have been, containing feather beds, next to the engine—and that, too, an engine with a defective fire-box.

It is certainly due to the safety of the public, now that railroads are becoming almost the sole means of transit in this country, that the Government should interfere to insure better management than at present exists on many lines.

THE COURT AND HAUT TON.

THE QUEEN DOWAGER.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager will leave Bushy Park for Witley Court on the 16th instant. It is expected that her Majesty's illustrious relatives the Duchess Ida of Saxe Weimar, with the Princesses Anne and Amelia, will accompany her Majesty to Witley. Earl Howe, Lord Chamberlain to her Majesty, will be in attendance on the Court at Witley.

DRAYTON MANOR.—Sir Robert and Lady Peel are entertaining a select party at Drayton Manor, Staffordshire.

LORD STANLEY.—We regret to hear that Lord Stanley is confined to his residence, Walton-on-Thames, by a very severe attack of gout.

CHRISTENING AT STAFFORD HOUSE.—On Monday afternoon, the infant son and heir of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorn, the Earl of Campbell, was baptised at the mansion of the Duke of Sutherland, at St. James's. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll and Lady Emma Campbell, Lady Dover, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Lord Frederick Leveson Gower and Lady Constantine Leveson Gower, Lord and Lady Blantyre, and a select family party, were present at the ceremony. The christening took place in the spacious picture-gallery, according to the rites of the Scottish church. The noble infant took the names of John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland. The Rev. Mr. Story, chaplain to the Duke of Argyll, performed the ceremony.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—The Earl of Caledon was on Thursday married to Lady Jane Grimston, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Verulam, at Gorhambury, the seat of the Earl of Verulam, in Herts.

CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

OXFORD. August 30.

Mr. Robert Gandell, scholar of Queen's College, has been elected a Fellow on the Michel Foundation of that college. The Rev. T. L. Cloughton, late Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, has been appointed an Honorary Canon in Worcester Cathedral. The Lord Bishop of Winchester has appointed the Rev. Edward M'All, Rural Dean, West Medina, Isle of Wight.

ADMISSION OF THE REV. G. WARD TO ROMANISM.—Mr. Ward has at length made up his mind to secede from the Established Church. A long correspondence has been published explaining the reason of his doing so.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

ASSESSOR TO THE WESTMINSTER COURT OF REQUESTS.—On Monday the election for this office took place at the Court House, in Castle street. Considerable interest has for many weeks been excited in Westminster by the contest. At the close of the poll (which was by ballot), the numbers were declared to be as follows:—For

Mr. Moylan	44
Le Breton	26
A'Beckett	23
Keene	20
Campbell	14
Majority for Mr. Moylan over the next highest candidate	18

CITY OF LONDON REGISTRATION.—Mr. Thomas James Arnold is appointed revising barrister for the London lists, and he intends to hold his Court for the purpose in the Common Pleas Court, Guildhall, on Monday week.

WEST LONDON RAILWAY.—On Wednesday the half-yearly and special meeting of the proprietors of this company was held in Abchurch lane. The report stated that an act had been obtained in the last session for leasing the line to the London and Birmingham, and containing provisions for referring all differences between the several classes of share-holders to Mr. G. C. Glynn (Chairman of the London and Birmingham), Mr. George Hudson, and Mr. G. Stephenson. All the debts and liabilities of the company, with the exception of four or five, have been settled, and there would be a surplus upon the £60,000 to be received from the Birmingham, after their payment. The number of directors would, for the future, be reduced to five. Resolutions were passed *nem. dis.* ratifying the lease of the West London line to the London and Birmingham Company, who will forthwith commence working the line for their merchandise and mineral traffic.

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—It is understood that at the commencement of the Session of 1847, the House of Lords will be ready for occupation; but with respect to the House of Commons, it is not probable that it will be ready so soon. Certainly, the centre hall and other parts of the building necessary for the accommodation of this house, and for communication between the two houses, could not be completed in that time; and it will be for the consideration of Parliament, next Session, whether, under the circumstances, it will be advisable to insist on such undue speed as shall be requisite to complete them in 1847, or postpone it for another year. The Committee rooms will be completed next year.

POSTSCRIPT.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO GERMANY.

GOTHA, Sept. 1.

Yesterday, the Queen attended Divine Service in the Church of St. Augustine here. The chapel in the palace had been previously prepared for the reception of her Majesty and suite; but, as the building is small, and would barely accommodate her suite and the household of the Duke, the Queen, with her usual kind consideration for the public, named the parish church. It is an old and simple looking Gothic building, without any external ornament, standing near the centre of the city. It was formerly an old monastic edifice, but the greater portion has been pulled down. The interior is fitted up with three ranges of galleries one above the other; the painting and ornamental portion being somewhat gaudy and theatrical, as is the case in many of the continental churches.

Her Majesty and the Prince arrived shortly after eleven o'clock, and were conducted to the ducal pew by the clergyman. With her Majesty came the Duchess of Kent, the Duke and Duchess of Coburg, Prince Ferdinand, and several members of the Royal suite. The Lutheran service was performed, the greater portion being chanted, and all the congregation joining. The service terminated at half-past twelve; the Queen returned to the palace in her carriage, and the Duke and Duchess of Coburg walked back on foot, without a single attendant. Her Majesty afterwards drove out to Molsdorf, one of the Duke's chateaux, about 12 miles from Gotha, thence to Ohrsdorf, a hunting lodge, of which a portion stands in the territories of the Duke of Coburg, and a portion in those of Prince Hohenlohe. The Royal party afterwards visited Tehterhausen, where luncheon was prepared, and partaken of, and the Queen returned to Gotha to dinner.

In the evening the Queen and the Prince paid a private visit to the tombs of the Dukes of Gotha, where the Prince's grandfather and great grandfather are interred. The burial place is a wooded little island, in the centre of the public park, and is reached through long hedge rows of beech and poplar quaintly cut and trimmed. There is a very large sheet of water, well stocked with water fowl, on the southern side, and a little floating bridge carries the visitor over to the burial ground in a few minutes.

THE QUEEN'S RETURN.

The *Politique de Bruxelles* has the following:—"A courier, who has arrived at Brussels from Coburg, brings the positive intelligence that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert will proceed direct from Cologne to Antwerp, and reach the latter city on Saturday, the 6th inst. (to-day). Their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians, the young Princes, and all the Court, will meet the illustrious guests at Antwerp, who will be accompanied by several high personages from Germany. The Queen of England and the Prince will be entertained at a banquet in the Palace of Antwerp, by their Belgian Majesties, who will remain there for the night. Queen Victoria will sleep on board the Royal yacht the *Victoria and Albert*, and leave early on the morning of the 7th. The banks of the Scheldt, and the tower of Notre Dame will be brilliantly lighted up during her Britannic Majesty's embarkation, and there is some talk of a *fête* similar to the one which took place at Cologne. Count d'Arscot and Mr. Conway, of the Royal household, have gone to Antwerp, in order to make some arrangements with the local authorities respecting the *fête*, the expenses of which will, it is said, be partly defrayed by the civil list."

The *Gazette* of last night has this official intimation:—"The Right Hon. Sir James Graham, Bart., has received a dispatch from the Earl of Aberdeen, K.T., dated Gotha, the 1st of September, 1845. Her Majesty continues to enjoy perfect health. It was the intention of her Majesty to leave Gotha on the 3rd, and travelling by Fulda and Frankfurt to reach Mayence, and thence embarking in the *Fairy* yacht to descend the Rhine. Her Majesty's return to the Isle of Wight may be expected in the early part of next week."

SOUTHWARK ELECTION.—The following notice has been issued by the High Bailiff:—"In pursuance of a precept received from the Sheriff of the county of Surrey, for electing a Burgess to serve in Parliament for this borough, I do hereby give notice, that I shall proceed to such election accordingly on Wednesday, the 10th day of September, at the hour of ten in the forenoon, at the Town-hall, in St. Margaret's-hill, within the said borough, when and where all persons concerned are desired to attend. WILLIAM PRITCHARD, High Bailiff, and Returning Officer for the Borough of Southwark. Town-hall, Southwark, Sept. 5, 1845."

THE LATE BENJAMIN WOOD, Esq., M.P.—The will of the late Hon. Member for Southwark was proved on Saturday last by the executors, Gordon Whitbread, Esq., and his nephews, William Page Wood, and Western Wood, Esq.: to each of them, as well as to his brother, Robert Wood, Esq., he has left a legacy of £1000. To his sister, Mrs. Dunford, £100 a year; annuities to some of his nieces, and legacies to others, and a bequest to his sister, Mrs. Watkins. The residue of his personal estate, which was sworn under £80,000, he bequeaths to his wife absolutely. He also gives, devises, and appoints to her all his real estates, freehold or copyhold, to her and her heirs and assigns. The will was made in March, 1844. The deceased died at his seat, Eltham Lodge, Kent, on the 13th of August last, in his 55th year.

EXPERIMENTS ON THE CROYDON ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.—Some experiments with this new principle of railway were made yesterday and Thursday, in the presence of Mr. Wilkinson, Chairman of the Company, and several of the Directors. Mr. Samuda directed the proceedings. Five carriages were attached to the piston carriage, the aggregate weight amounting to probably thirty tons. The first experiment was from Croydon to the Dartmouth Arms, but from some misunderstanding as to time, one of the stationary engines was not brought into action, and the vacuum obtained in the tube was in consequence imperfectly developed. The speed attained, however, was fully equal to that usually adopted in the working of the locomotive lines, being, on the average, 30 miles an hour. On the return, a greater speed was attained, the barometer, at starting, indicating above 21 inches, or 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of atmospheric pressure on the square inch of the piston. There was no stopping at any of the intermediate stations. The distance of five miles was accomplished in six minutes and a quarter, giving an average of forty-eight miles an hour; but part of this distance (quarter of a mile) the speed reached sixty-five miles an hour. The second upward trip was continued throughout at an equal speed, and the distance was accomplished in seven minutes, being rather above forty-three miles an hour. The return to Croydon was equally satisfactory. The barometer indicated from 26 inches, the maximum, to 11 inches, the minimum, or from 13 to 52 pounds on each square inch.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.—On Tuesday afternoon an inquest was held at the Springfield gaol, Chelmsford, on the body of William Blackburn, who attempted self destruction, by cutting his throat, immediately after murdering his wife, at the village of Standon Mopey, in that county, in June last, and against whom a verdict of "Wilful Murder" was returned by the Coroner's Jury. The man and his deceased wife had lived as servants in the house of Mr. French, of Standon Hall, and she was found in her bedroom, lying on the bed, dead, with her throat cut. The husband was nowhere to be found, and, later in the day, was met with near a neighbouring wood, having also inflicted a frightful wound in his own throat. A razor was discovered in his pocket, and he acknowledged committing the injuries. He was unable to take his trial for the murder of his wife at the late assizes. Latterly he became more rational, but exceedingly dejected. A tunic was constantly with him, and extreme exhaustion ended his days on Friday (last week). The Jury returned a verdict, "That the deceased died from the effects of a wound in his throat, inflicted by himself whilst in a state of temporary insanity."

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

SPAIN.—The *Presse* publishes a curious account of a dispute between General Narvaez and Senor D'Altuna. It appears that, at a ball at Madrid, in the old Basque fashion, which had been got up in honour of the Queen, Senor D'Altuna presented to General Narvaez and his officers a *libretto* of the performances, into which had been introduced eulogies of the *fueros*. General Narvaez appears to have been greatly excited by this very natural exhibition of provincial patriotism, and to have made use of language which greatly surprised the two Queens, the Queen Mother more especially. Narvaez attempted to bully Senor D'Altuna, but he replied with so much boldness and dignity, that the President of the Council found himself in a wrong position! The Queen exhibited deep indignation at the conduct of Narvaez; and, on leaving the room, the Queen Mother cast upon the assembly a glance which was perfectly understood, and which was received with distinguished applause. Letters from Barcelona mention that Bellera had entered that province from France, and was in the neighbourhood of Tarragona, at the head of a body of his partisans. Troops had been sent to Barcelona to put down the movement.

On the 23rd ult an aged Highlander, almost worthy, in respect to years, of being classed among the patriarchs of old, departed this life in the parish of Kiltearn, Ross-shire. This veteran, named Donald Ross, had attained to the vast age of one hundred and fifteen years. Among the memorials of Donald's life was his being sent as a special messenger with a letter from Lochbroom to Dingwall at the time of the rebellion in 1745. The old man retained possession of his faculties, and enjoyed uninterrupted good health till within a few days of his death.

POLICE.

AFFRAY AT THE EAST INDIA HOUSE.—At the MANSION HOUSE on Monday an investigation was made into the circumstances connected with a dispute which had taken place at the East India House a few days previously. Mr. Parry appeared for the complainant, and Mr. Clarkson attended for the defence. The matter excited a good deal of curiosity. Mr. Parry, in stating the case as it appeared in the following evidence, observed that it was of extreme importance that gentlemen having a right to attend a Court of Proprietors of East India Stock, not convened by the Directors, should know whether they were to be liable at the caprice, or in consequence of the irritated vanity of any individuals to be placed in an ignominious situation before their fellow proprietors and the public.—Mr. Peter Gordon stated that he resided at No. 8, Barnsbury-street, Islington, and has been since last June a Proprietor of the East India capital stock, to the amount of £1000, for which he had paid upwards of £2800. On Saturday the 23rd of August, a Court of Proprietors was convened by special requisition for ten o'clock. About half past nine witness entered the court and sat in the chair which the Chairman usually occupied. There were no Directors there at the time. Many other Proprietors entered, amongst whom was Mr. G. Thompson. At ten o'clock Sir H. Willock, the Chairman of the Board of Directors, and several of the directors came into the Court at the special entrance in a body. Witness continued sitting in the chair after the entrance of Sir H. Willock, who said something to the purport of removing him from the chair, but witness could not remember whether the words were in the shape of an order or of a polite request. He was very agitated. Mr. Hogg, the member for Beverley, and Deputy Chairman of the Court of Directors, addressing Sir H. Willock, prompted him to turn out witness, who was composedly sitting in the chair. Mr. Hogg was angry. There were several proprietors assembled, and witness said it was an important question, and it was at the (the proprietors') pleasure who should occupy the chair, and he had no objection to see Sir H. Willock in it. He thought he first proposed that Sir H. Willock should take the chair, but Mr. Thompson subsequently proposed, and he seconded, that motion, and rose from the chair in order to make way. Whether Sir H. Willock sat down or not he was not certain; but as Sir H. Willock was about to sit down Mr. Hogg and others of the directors said "No." Sir H. Willock then said he would not take the chair by the vote of the proprietors, but as a matter of right he claimed it, and Mr. Hogg said the Chairman of the East India Company was recognised in many Acts of Parliament, and had a right to take the chair. Sir H. Willock would not take the chair. Witness vacated, and pointed to the seat, and then Sir H. Willock refused to take it. Witness resumed it and kept it. Sir H. Willock then threatened to remove him by force, and Edward Wilson, the other defendant, was called to perform that office. Wilson laid hold of him by the collar and dragged him to the door of the Court, and then let him go. He desired Wilson to take him to prison or before a magistrate, but Wilson said he had nothing more to do with him. Witness remained in the Court of Proprietors at the back of the chair, and the business of the Court proceeded. Mr. Clarkson cross examined the witness, and then put the following copy of a printed hand-bill into his hands:—

Corruption, Perjury, Treason—We all row in the same boat. The public are most earnestly invited to attend in their own gallery in the India House, at noon, on Friday, the 22nd of August, 1845, and there freely to express their opinion of the proceedings of the General Court, which is an open democratic Court, without rules or chairman—Court in which every proprietor of Indian Stock, even under £1000, has by the charter a right to speak freely. There is nothing to prevent the Court from listening to any and every proprietor in the gallery; it is, in fact, the Exchange of India. It cannot commit any one for contempt. The proprietors provide refreshments for all their approvers. Bamboo Bagooe will re-open the case of the Hindoo George Thopoma will again impeach the British Ambassador. The Secretary will place in the chair and prompt his Highness the Prince of the Most Noble Order of the Lion and the Sun. His Highness' lip will again quiver—his teeth will again chatter. Mr. Deputy will again declare—"We all row in the same boat." Corruption, Perjury, Treason.—The father of the direction will again reproach the state prisoners of the Company with their ingratitude. He demands gratitude from Shugabote, and for the red-hot wire torture. The young Bunker—What will he do?—Fight, or order tea at the expense of the Ryots for himself and friend.

Witness said, that it was very likely that he put that paper into the hands of a gentleman, on the day before, in Oxford-street. He procured the bills to be printed by a person in Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn, near Gray's Inn, and paid him 4s. 6d. for a thousand, the whole of which he had pretty well distributed.—Mr. Clarkson: And you afterwards placed yourself within the dais close to the chair?—Witness: I did.—Mr. Clarkson: And you did all this without having made any previous arrangement with anybody?—Witness: I did.—Mr. Clarkson: It all arose from your own spontaneous free-will, and the exercise of your own good sense upon the subject?—Witness: It all arose from my own spontaneous free-will, and the exercise of my own good sense upon the subject. (A laugh.)—Mr. George Thompson, of No. 5, Whitehead's grove, Chelsea, and No. 6, Waterloo-place, Regent-street, stated, that he is a proprietor, to the amount of £500 capital stock. He had not the power to vote, except in cases of adjournment, and of that he was doubtful. With the exception of eighteen months, during which he had been absent from England, he believed he had been at all the Courts since the year 1841, when he purchased the stock, and he deemed himself qualified by law to speak at the meeting, and had done so. He was present on the Saturday when the occurrence took place. He had had no intercourse with Mr. Gordon on the subject whatever. When he entered Mr. Gordon was seated in the chair usually occupied by the chairman. Witness went behind the bar and sat there, and no attempt was made to disturb him, although one or two remarks were made about him being there. The witness then gave an account of the particular transaction in which the complainant had been concerned similar to that given by the latter. He stated that Sir H. Willock fully authorised the act of removing Mr. Gordon, and said that he should be responsible. After Wilson removed Mr. Gordon, several of the proprietors said "That is enough," and Wilson at once let go his hold.—Cross-examined by Mr. Clarkson: Some days before the occurrence, Mr. Gordon intimated to witness that he intended to occupy the chair at a forthcoming debate, until a Chairman was regularly elected by the proprietors. Witness replied that he equally considered that the Chairman of the Court of Directors had no right to take the chair of the Court of Proprietors; but as the Court about to be held was a Special Court, on a subject in which he was deeply interested, he was desirous that nothing should occur to interrupt the peaceful and regular proceedings of the day.—Mr. Parry stated that this was the case of the complainant, Mr. Clarkson submitted that a more miserable case was never brought forward. He could not at all conjecture who had been pulling the wires of the machine which Mr. Gordon had been made in so extraordinary an exhibition; but it must strike every one that the behaviour of the Chairman and Directors was unparalleled through the whole proceeding.—The Lord Mayor said that he had consulted with his brother Aldermen, and they fully agreed in the opinion that Mr. Gordon had been himself an intruder, and they therefore dismissed the case.—Mr. Lawford, the solicitor to the East India Company, then applied to the Lord Mayor for a certificate to prevent any further proceedings in this case.—The Lord Mayor intimated that there could be no objection whatever.—Mr. Parry said that it was the full intention of Mr. Gordon and several other proprietors to have the important question decided elsewhere.

A TRADESMAN COMMITTED FOR STEALING SOME VALUABLE JEWELLERY.—The BOW-STREET Police-court was crowded, on Tuesday, by salesmen, anxious to hear the result of a charge preferred against Thomas Wymbush, a dealer in bullion, for stealing a casket, containing a number of brilliants, doublets, gold watches, value £300, and upwards, from the sale-rooms of Messrs. Debenham and Storr, of King-street, Covent garden, their property. It appeared, from the statement of Mr. Clarkson, who appeared for the prosecution, and from the evidence of several witnesses, that, on the 17th of April, 1844, a casket, containing the property above mentioned was sent from the house of Miss Fleming, pawnbroker, in St. Martin's-lane, to be put up for sale, previous to which, dealers, well known to the firm, were allowed to inspect the different articles, among whom was the prisoner. About one o'clock it was discovered that the casket was stolen; in consequence of which the doors of the establishment were closed, to prevent any person from leaving the place until a search could be made. The prisoner was one of the foremost to submit to being searched, but the property could not be found. The next step taken was to advertise the robbery, and offer a reward for the recovery of the property. Nothing further was heard of the property until last week, when it was discovered that shortly after the robbery the prisoner had disposed of a watch, made by Walker, of Princes-street, Leicester-square, to a tailor, named Cloughly, who went to another maker of the same name, to get it repaired, and seeing that it formed a portion of the property stolen, and having proceeded to the prosecutors' rooms, it was identified. The prisoner was then taken into custody, when he said that he had bought the watch at Messrs. Robins' rooms, Piazza, Covent garden. After the property was stolen, the prosecutors gave directions to one of their young men to go round to the different refiners and dealers in bullion, to warn them of the loss. The prisoner was present when the orders were given, and, having followed the young man, he invited him to dinner, and afterwards asked him to point out to him the different places where it would be worth making inquiries, which struck him so forcibly, that he returned and informed his employers what had taken place. On his return to the street he again found the prisoner waiting for him. It was also ascertained that on the 18th of April, a refiner and glider, named Collingridge, residing in Wilderness-row, purchased a bag of gold, consisting of 11oz. 14dwt. from the prisoner, at 58s. 6d. per ounce, which came to £34 4s. 2d., and that he never on any previous occasion made so large a purchase of him, having usually dealt with him in small quantities.—The prisoner, who declined saying anything in his defence, was committed.

STEAM FOR THE MILLION.—Boats are running from the City to the west end for one penny each passenger.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S PLAID.—Between Tuesday night week and Wednesday morning, the house of Mrs. M'Nish, on the Paisley-road, Glasgow, was entered by thieves, and a number of articles of wearing apparel, &c., were taken away, including the identical plaid which Prince Charles Edward wore when he passed through Glasgow a hundred years ago. A person named David Stuppard, since apprehended with part of the stolen property in his possession, amongst which was the plaid of the Royal Stuart tartan, was next day brought up at the Gorbals Police Court, and committed for trial. The Royal relic, which has been handed down as an heirloom from family to family, is highly prized.

EPITOME OF NEWS.—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

We learn from Vienna that the only daughter of Baron de Dietrich of that city, whose fortune is estimated at 30,000,000f., is to be married to Prince Louis de Sulkowski Duke de Bielitz.

The *Saint Petersburg Journal* publishes the official report of the taking of Dargo, in the Caucasus. It states the loss on the side of the Russians to have been one general and one colonel killed, one colonel dangerously wounded, and 12 subaltern officers and 162 non-commissioned officers and privates killed or wounded. On the side of the mountaineers the loss is said to have been considerable. Saab, who commanded the artillery, was killed, and Douba Naib, of the great Tchelchnia, was wounded.

The *Rhine Observer* mentions a report at Vienna in the best circles, that the Sovereigns of Europe have given their opinion in favour of a marriage between the young Queen of Spain, and Prince Leopold, the youngest son of Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg.

The accounts received from Turkey, in Asia, state that the insurrections which broke out on the frontiers of Persia and Russia, in consequence principally of a new impost that has been recently laid on the inhabitants, continue unabated. The inhabitants of the Van and Tschildri had dismissed the Governors appointed by the Pacha of Erzeroum and had called in the Kurk Beys. A chief of the name of Hamdy Bey, at the head of a body of insurgents, had seized on the town of Kars. The Pacha of Erzeroum had sent troops to the assistance of the town.

We learn from Breslau, that the first service in a large church of the German Catholic sect, who are said to amount at Breslau to 6000, took place on the 17th ult. M. Ronge preached on this occasion.

We find in the *Gazette de Breslau* the following speech, said to have been uttered by the Emperor Nicholas to the students of the Colleges of Warsaw, upon the occasion of his late visit to that city:—"I know that you all are like your revolutionary parents. I know well in what principles you are educated; but have a care—do not put them in practice; for if you do, I will send you to a place where you will have reason to remember me." The *Gazette* adds, that the students evinced symptoms of great fear during the delivery of this discourse.

The expense of the fêtes given upon the occasion of the Queen's visit to the Rhine is stated in the German papers to amount to 5,000,000f. The musicians alone were paid 400,000f.

The Duke de Montpensier arrived at Constantinople in the *Gomer* steamer on the 16th ult. The Prince and his suite landed at St. Stephano, where they were to perform a quarantine of observation of six days in the Imperial kiosk, fitted up for the purpose by order of the Sultan.

It is gratifying to learn that at one or two of the recent German fairs there have been symptoms of an improved demand for British manufactures, especially cotton, which seem to be again coming into fairer competition with the domestic fabrics of the Customs Union. Very extensive sales of this class of goods were made at the Brunswick fair, and a good business is likewise reported in mixed silk and cotton, buckskin, mouselines de laine, and similar articles, especially of novel pattern.

The Malta mail brings accounts of a fire having broken out at Egripo, the ancient Chalcis, on the night of the 11th of August. The flames first manifested themselves in the house of the prison gaoler, unknown to the unfortunate inmates, until the moment they were roused to flee for the salvation of their lives. Nothing could exceed the promptitude with which the British tars repaired to the spot, and but for their exertions, we should perhaps have to record the destruction of the entire town.

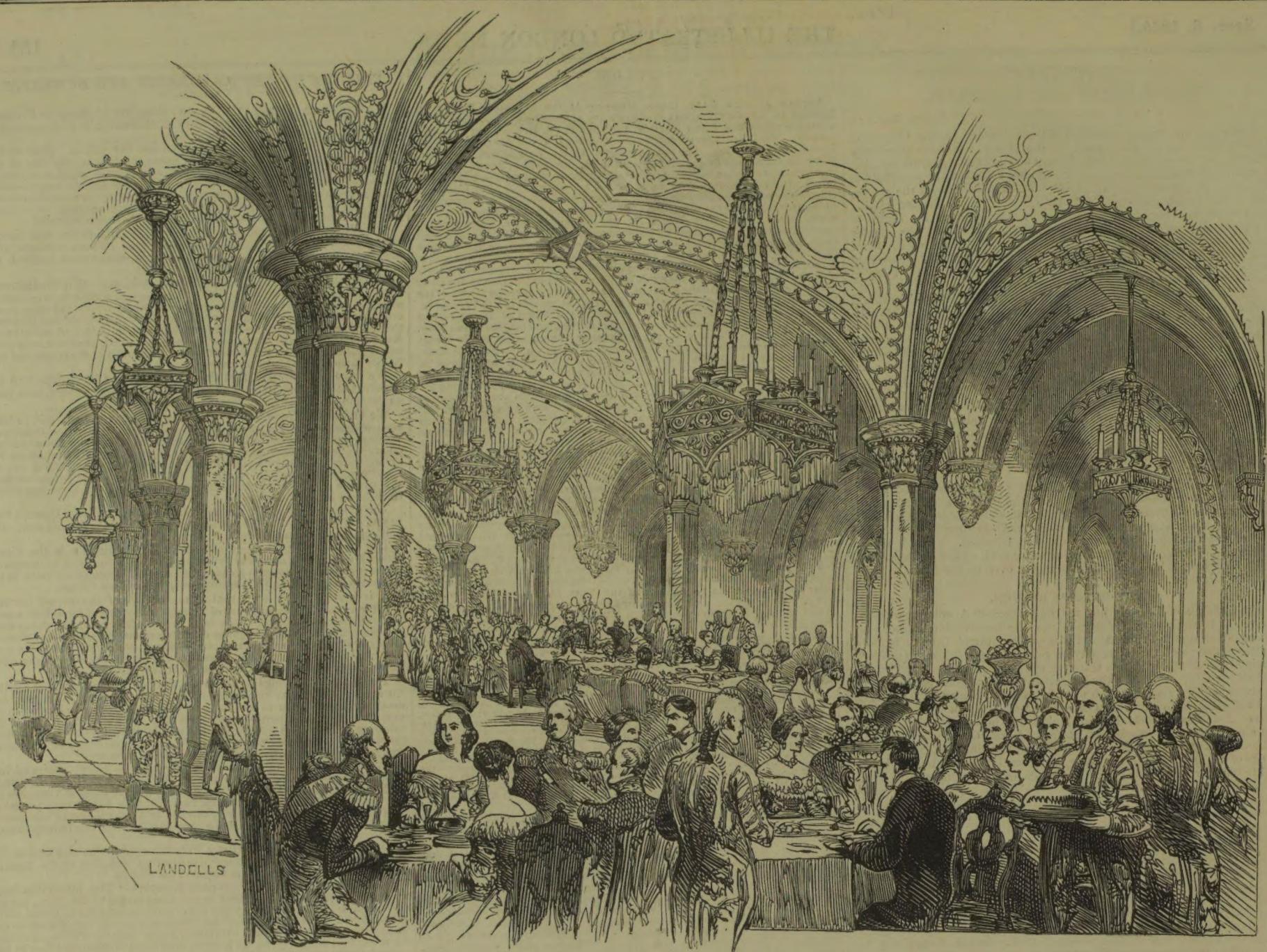
M. Fialin de Persigny, who was condemned to twenty years of imprisonment in the citadel of Doullens for the part he took in the expedition to Boulogne, has just been transferred to a *maison de santé* at Versailles for the restoration of his health. M. de Persigny, who has already published a work on the Pyramids of Egypt, intends to avail himself of the leisure afforded by his captivity to continue his researches into this important subject.

The *Constitutionnel* states that a Prussian agent, who was sent to the Government of the United States to request its accession to the German Customs Union, has failed in the object of his mission.

A letter from Beyrouth, of August 1, says:—"The Maronites have formally consented to the recent ordinances issued by the Porte, but the Druses have declared that they will never acknowledge the Christian veikils in the mixed districts, and that such Christians as will not submit to the Druse veikils must withdraw. Wedesch Pacha gave the Druses eight days for reflection; but, receiving no answer, informed the Maronites that he had written to his Government for fresh instructions. The Maronites delivered to him a memorial for the Porte, demanding a governor distinct from the Druses. They expressed to the Pacha their dissatisfaction at his terrors."

A French paper announces the interesting fact of the discovery of a very rich and extensive mine of quicksilver at Ripa, near Pietra Santa, Tuscany. The mercury, although combined with sulphur, is very abundant. The mineral produced yields, according to analysis, 20 per cent. of the purest quicksilver. It is believed, that, in a short period, no less than two hundred workmen will be employed, and that at least 100 or 120 lbs. of metal per day will be raised. There are at present but two quicksilver mines of any importance now in operation—the one, Almaden, in Spain, and the other, Idria, in Austria.

The King of the French has just given the decoration of the Legion of Honour to a non-commissioned officer called Kolembeski, of Polish extraction, and who arrived in France with



THE ROYAL BANQUET, AT ROSENAU.

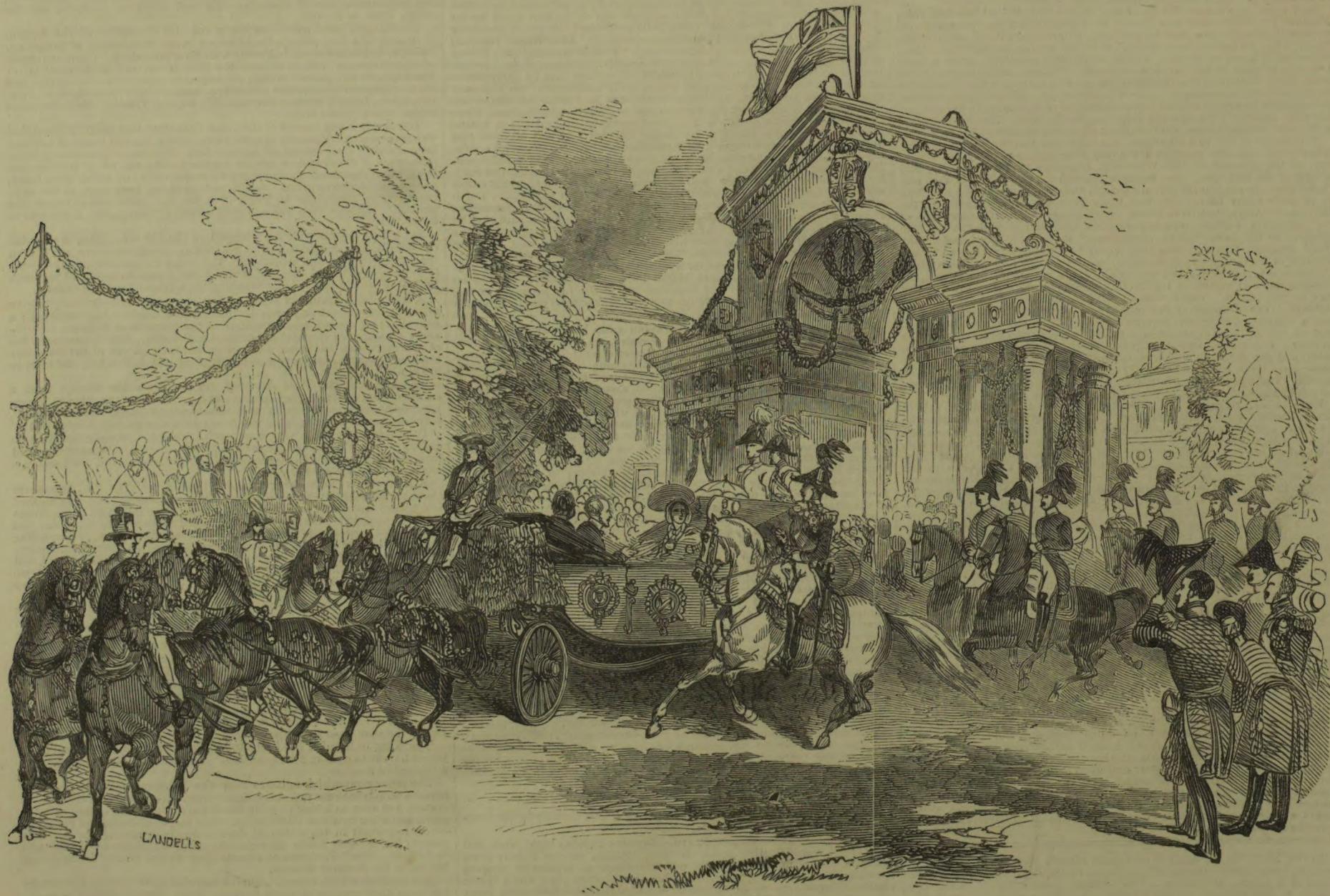
Continued from page 149.)

ment he keeps up for the *chasse* is a very large one, and among the animals preserved are boars, which have this advantage, at least, over the fox, that, when killed, they can be eaten. They are not so often hunted, however, as shot. Your boar is what the Fancy would call an "ugly customer," when hard pressed, and will neither come and be killed, nor

let others come to him for that benevolent purpose: he turns at man, horse, and dog, and has been known to show good fight against all three, when the spear was the weapon. But the rifle has rendered the slaughtering of him quite safe, and, consequently, quite inglorious. Nevertheless, he is still preserved in a wild, or rather a semi-savage state, having a daily meal provided for him, of the food in which the species

delighteth; and this induces a kind of subjection to man, which the true old boar of tapestry, painting, and romance, would have scorned with his heels: his trust was in snout and tusks alone, and his instincts were not played upon, to win him into an unconscious degradation.

The number of the animals here kept is about a hundred and sixty but it is only one of many preserves; the wood is enclosed or the creps



HER MAJESTY ENTERING GOTHA.



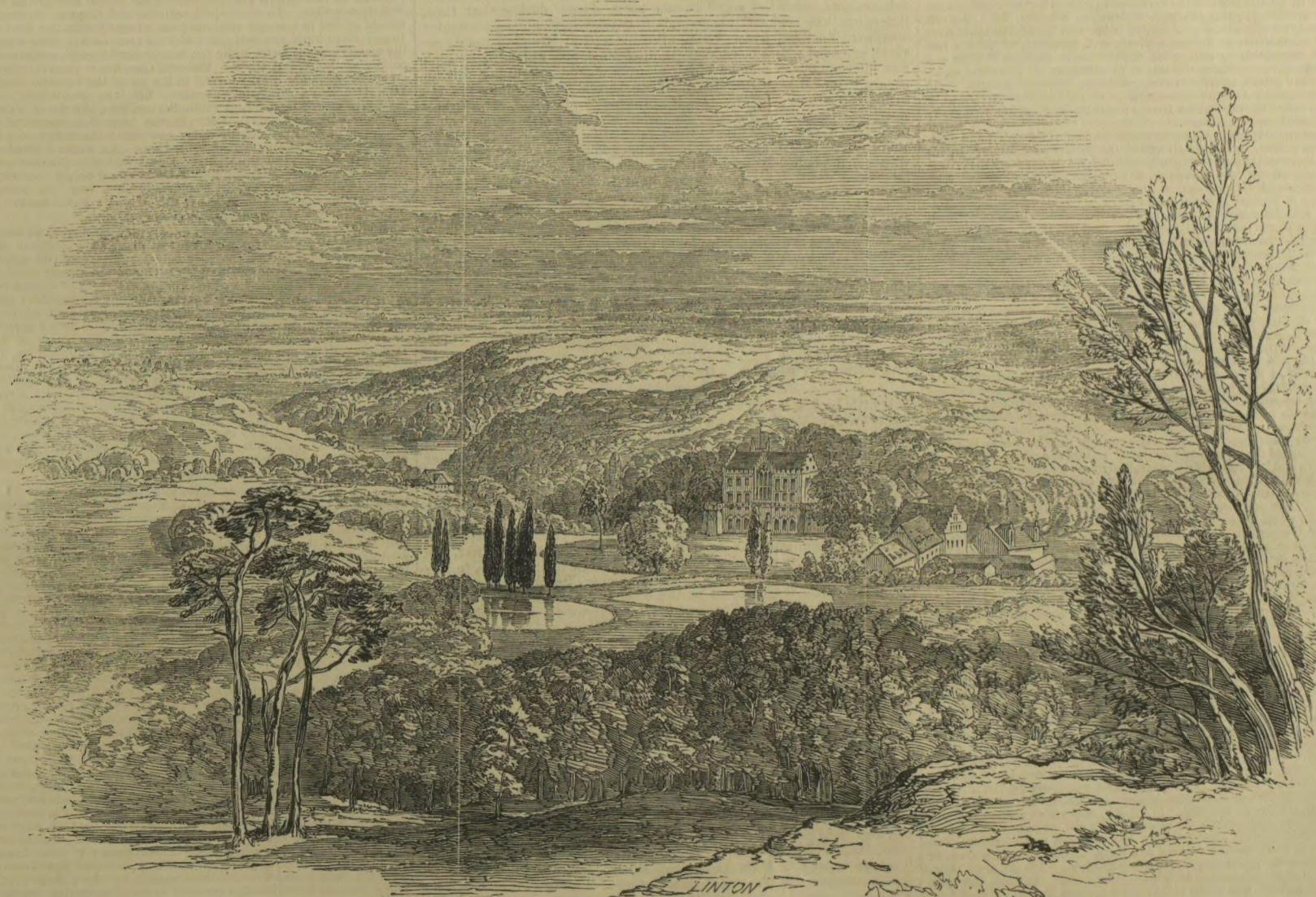
FRIEDENSTAHL.—FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT'S DRAWING.

of the neighbourhood would never find their way to the barns, but still gives the brutes an enormous range. Within these bounds are various feeding places; they are circular spaces railed in, in the midst of the thicket, with apertures for the animals to enter by; a rude wooden hut is raised from the ground in the centre, in which the keepers can conceal themselves; within this space, potatoes and grain are scattered at a certain hour every evening, and, with the instinct of the porcine race, which is remarkably keen in matters of feeding, they come to the spot at about the same hour with great punctuality. But if they are to be seen, extreme caution is necessary; the visitor is boxed up in the hut in the centre, and told not to speak above the lowest whisper, under pain of disappointment in the object of his coming. The boars, though partakers of the hospitality of man, do yet "suspect him very grievously;" the least noise would send them superlative to the woods again, and the stranger sightless home. When all is still, they approach gradually; the young litters, with the trustfulness and rashness of youth, happy as yet in their ignorance, make a rush in and begin the business of the evening orthwith; the elders of the herd are more circumspect; with

uplifted snout and pricked up ears, they pause without, and scent the wind, to be sure there is not something in it; when a little assured, they draw nearer and repeat the experiment, and, at last, enter, and begin to feed. The pig, in his domesticated state, is not a favourable representative of his species; he is glutinous, and a foul feeder, and comforts himself in a manner of which the pig of the woods would be ashamed. The boar, in his wild condition, seems to be a delicate eater, very difficult to please in his selection of a potatoe, and then only nipping out the best part of it. They keep up a strict discipline among themselves, their law being that of the strongest, any infringement of which is visited by summary punishment. On the present occasion, the oldest and largest did not condescend to appear, and the whole number did not muster a pair of tusks. Those who have formed their idea of the wild boar from paintings and story, would be disappointed; they are of brindled brown on the back, passing into black in the head and legs; they are rougher in the hair, stand higher, and are much larger in the snout, than the common hog; they are wild and shy, but do not differ so much as might be expected from the ordinary grunter of the English farmyard or the Irish cabin. In the enclosure where they are fed, they

are shot when wanted; the entrances being closed after they have passed in, so that there can be neither sport, danger, nor excitement of any kind. In all hunting, the beast should at least have a chance of escape, either by cunning or swiftness, or both.

To-day, the anniversary of the Birth of Prince Albert, has been celebrated at Rosenau by a pretty *fête* in the open air. The weather is lovely—a brilliant sun, an Italian sky, and an air so pure and soft it is absolute luxury to breathe it; all tend to make it the most pleasant of celebrations—a rural festival, open to all: it seems as if rain and storm had been left behind, and that summer—real summer—had been overtaken among the hills of central Germany. The day began with a performance of music, by the military band, in front of the mansion; that concluded, a procession of the peasantry was seen advancing towards the residence, headed by their own band—a very good one, by-the-by. The line consisted of thirteen or fourteen couples—each lad with a lass—dressed in the extreme of the Coburg rural costume, that of the fair sex as usual far excelling in taste and arrangement. The head-dress was gayer in colour, with more black ribbons, and those far larger than are seen every day; the jacket-like bodice was more tightly laced



REINHARDTSBRUNN, GOTHA.—FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT'S DRAWING.

and the skirt and petticoat fell in folds of scarlet and green. The peasant girls had evidently been picked for the occasion as the beauties of she vicinity; the faces of some of them were very beautiful. The men were stout and healthy youngsters; but with nothing in their attire at all national or picturesque, except an immense deal of bright-coloured scarfs and handkerchiefs twisted round the common hat—an attempt to elevate the ordinary into the striking that was not successful. One alone had ventured on the "smalls" of intense yellow leather, which still cling to the legs of the old peasants, but which the young ones have discarded. They advanced up to the house in good order, and ranged themselves on the lawn in front; the Royal party had assembled on the terrace to receive them, as the visit was one of compliment and congratulation. Their band played a lively air, and the foremost couple advanced, each bearing a garland of flowers, to her Majesty and Prince Albert, presenting their graceful gift with all due courtesy. It was graciously received; the distinguished presenters—the hero and heroine of the day—retired to their companions, the band struck up, and in a moment the lawn was covered with waltzers, the bright coloured dresses and flowing ribbons flashing along in strong and agreeable contrast with the surrounding trees and shrubs. The elegance of the ball-room was not to be looked for, but they kept up the round with agility and perseverance, and in admirable time. When the band stopped, the military band commenced, and off whirled the waltzers again, shouting with glee, like the Irishman in the jig or the Highlander in the reel. They danced the ordinary waltz, and a variety which has a dash of the polka in it. They all acquitted themselves well; our friend in the "yellows" alone was not so skilled in gestic lore as might have been desirable for one so eminently conspicuous; but if he did not win the eye by his grace, he kept it by his singularity. At the close of the fifth or sixth waltz, the procession formed again, filed before her Majesty and the Prince; and, in the order in which it came, descended the slope to the little inn now occupied by the Royal servants, where a dinner was provided for them, and here they spent the day, as the phrase goes with us, "in the utmost conviviality." (See the Engraving at page 149.)

(The Engraving at page 152 represents the Great Banqueting Room at Rosenau.)

The particulars of her Majesty's stay at Gotha will be found on the first page.

LITERATURE.

MEMOIR OF JOHN AUBREY, F.R.S. By JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A., &c. Published by the Wiltshire Topographical Society. 4to.

Events and circumstances have, of late, considerably extended the interest attached to the study of antiquities and antiquarian art. Notwithstanding the insatiable spirit of enterprise which is rapidly covering the country with a network of iron, and cutting up its most picturesque districts in every direction, there is still left a general respect for the works of our forefathers—the labours of other times than our own. True it is that, occasionally, some ruthless engineer levels a fine old edifice for a "new line"; but, little us engineers feel in common with antiquaries, this levelling practice, in raising "the standard of comfort," is the exception, not the rule: the ivy-clad keep, the moulder arch, and embattled wall, are still to be seen rising through the meshes of the vast net; whilst the railway excursionist of every class is glad to identify these memorials of "hoar antiquity" as an intellectual relief to the monotony of iron travel. Nay, in some instances, we are directly associating the marvels of modern science with the mighty works of many centuries since, by borrowing their very nomenclature: the *terminus* and the *station* have been filched from the annals of Roman Britain; and, in certain cases, our railway engineer is, at this moment, tracking his "new line" by the magnificent military roads of our Roman conquerors.

We regard this assimilation of ancient and modern ingenuity as a proof of the growing liberality of the age; for, as quaintly observed by Southey, "they who care nothing for their ancestors, will care little for their posterity,—indeed, little for anything except themselves." Art is, unquestionably, fostered by this revival—this increasing love of symbolism and ornament. Meanwhile, antiquities have become universally popular; and even the utilitarian bookwrights are fascinated by the lore of "Old England." Institutions are formed for the preservation of ancient structures, as well as for the better illustration of our local history and its most attractive periods. The Wiltshire Topographical Society is one of these important and interesting results; and the work before us is a goodly specimen of what may be accomplished for antiquarian literature by this active spirit of provincial association.

John Aubrey, "credulous old Aubrey," as he has been erroneously styled since the time of Anthony à Wood, is one of the Worthies of Wiltshire; and Mr. Britton, also a native of this county, in seeking to set Aubrey in a fairer light, has performed a true service to literature, by reconciling many apparent contradictions, and correcting many errors, in former memoirs. In addition to the individual interest of the present work, we find in it some useful information, illustrating not merely Aubrey's life and writings, but the state of society in general, and especially the literary opinions and tone of the seventeenth century.

Aubrey is considered by Mr. Britton to have been essentially an *Archaeologist*, and the first person in this country who fairly deserved that name. "Historians, chroniclers, and topographers, there had been before his time; but he was the first who devoted his studies and abilities to archaeology, in its various ramifications of architecture, genealogy, paleography, numismatics, heraldry, &c. No one before him investigated or understood anything of the vast Celtic Temple at Avebury, and other monuments of the same class; and, certainly, no person had preceded him in attempting to distinguish the successive changes in style and decoration, of ancient ecclesiastical edifices, or to ascertain, by observing architectural features and details, to what era any particular building belonged." He was the first to pronounce Avebury, Stonehenge, and similar stone circles, to be religious temples raised by the British Druids; and his opinion has been generally received as sound and unshaken.

Antiquarianism and credulity, we suspect to be as near allied as wit and madness; and Aubrey's mind, certainly, presented the former association. In his peregrinations, too, he was too apt to "take for granted," so that as early as the days of Hearne, he obtained the low reputation of a "foolish gossip": indeed, Ray, the naturalist, cautioned Aubrey against "a too easy credulity." Hence, his "Natural History of Surrey" is little better than a bundle of fabulous narrations, compared with the science of the present day; and his volume of "Miscellanies" is a book of gossip to laugh at; or, as Mr. Britton *natively* remarks, it has "long since been trodden down by the march of intellect." It may be as well to add that Aubrey's "Miscellanies" comprised fatalities, omens, dreams, apparitions, marvels, magic, oracles, second sight, corpse candles, &c.—matters of certain repute some two centuries since, about which time this volume was collected. Aubrey's biographical labours are entitled to much higher rank; but he himself has been strangely treated by his biographers: some of them have erroneously stated the date of his birth; and, until now, neither the day, nor even the year of his death, nor the place of his interment, had been correctly ascertained. This, however, Mr. Britton has decided: well nigh worn out with disappointment, it was, at last, almost by accident that he was directed, by a manuscript note of Dr. Rawlinson's, to the church of St. Mary Magdalene, at Oxford; on searching the registers of which, Dr. Ingram found the record of his burial! It really savours of perverse ingratitude in Aubrey's contemporaries, thus to allow him to pass away unheeded! Alack! "what so foolish as the chase of fame!"—for we gather from this Memoir that Aubrey numbered among his correspondents and friends all the distinguished persons whose learning graced the latter half of the seventeenth century: he was one of the founders of the Royal Society; and intimate with Newton, Halley, Flamsteed, Hooke, Wallis, Holder, Sir W. Petty, Evelyn, Wren, Gale, Harvey, and Ray. Thomas Hobbes and Sir James Harrington, William Penn, and Izaak Walton, honoured him with their friendship. "The poets Butler, Cowley, Denham, Waller, D'Avenant, and Dryden; the antiquaries Dugdale, Wood, Gibson, Tanner, Plot, and Llwyd; the artists Hollar, Cooper, Fairthorne, and Loggan; all held frequent intercourse with Aubrey, who was, besides, esteemed and patronised by several of the prelates, judges, and enlightened nobles of the age. His unpublished memoranda and correspondence contain varied and interesting materials for further illustration of the characters and writings of many of those celebrated men." Surely, these MSS. are worthy of the attention of the Camden or the Percy Society; and his remarks on Architectural Antiquities are especially fitted for the journals of the Archaeological Society.

Aubrey's life teems with memorable incidents: he was born of good family, and educated at Oxford; in 1656 he joined a club of Commonwealth-men, who settled questions by ballot, this being the first instance of the use of the balloon-box in England. In 1660 he narrowly escaped shipwreck; by 1670, he had lost all his property, and was reduced to indigence, but he bore his adversity with a philosopher; he was generously supported to his death by Lady Long, of Draycot, in Wiltshire, in whose house he had an apartment. The present Memoir is most carefully executed, and though minute, is anecdotal throughout. One of the sunniest spots in Aubrey's existence was, probably, the day on which he attended Charles the Second and the Duke of York at Avebury, when he received the Royal command to draw up an account of the famed Celtic temple. Every phase of Aubrey's life has been scrupulously examined by Mr. Britton, who has duly estimated his archaeological labours, and set his character in a more amiable light than hitherto occupied. In all this, there is an earnestness and sincerity which is very gratifying to the reader, whilst it is productive of a good and just result—vindication of character, and the establishment of truth. The work is produced in truly handsome style, and is embellished with a portrait of Aubrey, from a drawing by Fairthorne, his contemporary. It is, in good taste, dedicated to the Marquis of Lansdowne, whose princely seat, Bowood, lies near the natal home of Aubrey, and of the author of the present Memoir.

OVERLAND CIRCULAR; OR, HINTS TO TRAVELLERS TO INDIA. This very useful brochure has been compiled by Messrs. Grindlay and Co., the army agents. It details the several routes, with maps, charges, &c.

MY MARINE MEMORANDUM BOOK. By HARGRAVE JENNINGS. 3 vols. Newby.

These are three volumes of lively, rattling anecdotes, scenes, and sketches, "afloat and ashore." The first volume is, however, occupied by "Felicia Wayland; or, the Cuba Merchantman," in which there is a successful attempt at a sustained story of woe, interspersed with some cleverly-sketched nautical incidents, and relieved by occasional flashes of grotesque nigger humour: the descriptive details of West Indian scenery, by the way, are highly graphic, and the sailors' eccentricities are dashed off attractively. The second volume consists of detached tales, of greater breadth, perchance, than that in its predecessor: towards its close, there is a vividly-drawn picture of Portsmouth, "a walled Wapping, with an interjectory admixture of the *militaire*." In the third volume is a tale of a mysterious ship, which the author asserts was written in 1837, two years before Marryat's "Phantom Ship," or Neale's "Flying Dutchman," was published. "Off the Cape," is a spirited sketch, and the volume contains several others of equal merit. Altogether, this is a very clever and sparkling addition to our lighter literature, and will become popular.

THE TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF THOMAS TROTTER, as Told by Himself. Edited by PETER PARLEY. Darton and Co.

We need scarcely premise that these are fireside Travels, and that Thomas Trotter's peregrinations have been more in the quartos and octavos of some well-stored library, than among the veritable Wonders of Europe, which *Trotter* (the niece of Kitty *Walker*) describes neatly enough. Still, the little book is by the real Simon Pure (or rather Peter Parley), Mr. Goodrich, "of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts;" and it is announced as the first of a new series of books by the renowned Peter, who thereupon expresses himself in good set terms at seeing so many books published in London with his name attached to them as their author, though he had never before heard of them. Peter also repudiates much that is contained in these books, as being contrary to good morals, and then complains of the mutilation of his own books, almost beyond recognition. After all, Peter Parley is but a *nom*, to which any literary adventurer considers he has right and title; and we suspect the larceny to have been, in most cases, committed in Peter's own country. But all this is beside the present little work, which contains some pleasantly told adventures, chiefly in Italy; and discourses of the curiosities, natural and artificial, of that wonderful country, in a very intelligent narrative. The work is illustrated with several nicely-engraved wood-cuts, by S. Williams. Of the emblazoned title-page, and lithographed frontispiece, we scarcely think so well.

A GENERAL AND HERALDIC DICTIONARY OF THE PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By JOHN BURKE, Esq. Eighth Edition. Colburn.

If any proof were wanting of the *prestige* of rank in this country, it might be found in the fact of the large annual sale of Peerage-books, or Dictionaries, bringing up the state of the Peerage to the time of their being printed. Of the work before us—and it is but one of a class—we are assured that three thousand copies are sold within two years; and the volume consists of some 1200 closely-printed pages and twice as many columns; it is of the bulk of an Encyclopædia, and is as complete in its arrangement and details, archaeological, genealogical, heraldic, and biographical; in short, it is of the Aristocracy of the country a sort of Encyclopædia, just as the bulky volumes of our day are devoted to the several sciences of chemistry, medicine, architecture, geography, statistics, &c. It is, moreover, a book of very amusing anecdote as well as dry detail; and is almost as attractive as the foreign lady found the English Dictionary—so full of short lines. For ages have hungry poets, dinnerless wits, and disappointed suitors, lampooned and laughed at the distinctions and "creations" of rank: the chase of fame has outlived them, and "the march of intellect" into the bargain; and the shrewd remark of the moralist is as applicable as ever—that no three men can be in a room together for half an hour without one wanting to take precedence of another.

This popularity of Peerage-books is by no means of recent date. When Arthur Collins, in 1708, published the first work of the kind, i.e., an account of the Peers then existing, and their ancestors, in a single volume, the demand for it was so great that it was followed by other editions in quick succession; and the best of these, in nine bulky octavo volumes, was published under the superintendence of the laborious Sir Egerton Brydges. Then came the minor work of Debrett, the successor of Almon, the great Whig bookseller, in Piccadilly, of which the ninth edition was published two-and-thirty years ago.

The first edition of Mr. Burke's work, then a moderate sized octavo volume, was published some twenty years since: during that time, the editor has laboured ceaselessly to render each successive reprint complete: for this purpose, "each article is separately and distinctly revised, emended where inaccuracy is discovered, and extended by such new information as may be obtained from public records, or private papers, regarded as trustworthy." Such is the likeliest means of insuring correctness; and, by this long course of probation, Mr. Burke's work has become by far the completest of its class: his genealogical researches have enabled him to enter more at large into collateral lines, and thus to insure an accession of names to the respective pedigrees, which had previously been entirely excluded or forgotten. Another interesting result of his labours has been to show that many persons, still in the station of country gentlemen *only*, are, nevertheless, the chiefs of several ennobled and dignified families, by which we are reminded of Sir James Mackintosh's aphoristic remark—"The main body of the Peerage are a modern nobility raised out of an ancient gentry."

Besides the Royal Chronicle, and the Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom, the Appendix to this Edition contains the Spiritual Lords, Foreign Noblemen (British subjects by birth), Peerages Claimed, Surnames, Heirs, Courtesy Titles, Daughters married to Commoners, Precedence, Orders of Knighthood, Knights Bachelors, and Mottoes Translated.

THE EMIGRANT'S GUIDE. By the REV. DAVID MACKENZIE, M.A. Orr and Co.

This little book is stated to contain the results of Ten Years' Practical Experience in Australia, and to include such information as may be useful to intending emigrants to that colony; the Preface being dated "Sydney, March, 1845." We are glad to perceive that the writer eschews "politics and private squabbles," the besetting sins of most books on Colonial prospects and affairs. His work is systematically arranged, and contains a great deal of information closely packed in its 280 pages. The hopes of this fine colony of nearly six millions of acres are unquestionably brightening: the convicts, the curse of the country, are rapidly diminishing in number and influence; and, hereafter, the sweepings of our gaols are not to be sent to New South Wales, to pollute its atmosphere, and render the finest country in the world a perfect pandemonium. With respect to the altered character of the Colonial press, the author says: "Convict editors, as formerly, are nowhere employed to preach to her Majesty's lieges their moral and religious duties. And the press has a very great influence on the Colonial public: everybody here is able to pay for a newspaper, and is, moreover, anxious to hear the news of the times." The population of Sydney is, at present, about 40,000: of Paramatta, 7,500; and of Melbourne, the capital of Port Philip, 7000.

THE BEEKEEPER'S MANUAL. By DOBROGOST CHYLINSKI. Orr and Co. A well-timed publication, founded on the experience, during many centuries, of the Apiarists in Poland: it contains their classification of Bees, details of their Hives and Bee-gardens; together with the practical duties of Beekeeper in Poland in the various seasons; and a chapter on the Management of Honey, Wax, &c. The classification of the work is admirable; and we doubt not, the information which it contains, will be of great value to Beekeepers in England. The authority has been tested; for Poland surpasses all the other countries of Europe in the management and extent of its Apiarists: there are Polish cottages, with very small portions of land attached to them, on which are as many as 50 hives; while there are farmers and landed proprietors who are in possession of from 100 to 10,000 hives. Yet, there is, in the Polish bee-master's method of rearing bees, less scientific and artificial pretension than the plan adopted by British agriculturists; but, the foreign method agrees more "with the natural habits and laws of the bees."

OUR MAGAZINE COLUMN FOR SEPTEMBER.

TOURISTS ON THE RHINE.

The goodly fellowship of tourists who wend their way to Germany at this period of the year, are generally in such a hurry to get there, for fear any unforeseen accident, any sudden call of business, should oblige them to retrace their steps before they can "say they have seen the Rhine," that they seldom think of inquiring about anything else than this, "How soon shall we get to Cologne?" and look neither to the right nor the left till they get there. And pretty considerably disappointed are they, as we imagine, when they find themselves in its dirty, narrow streets, very much resembling those of that Cockney Cologne—Gravesend; and rush incontinently to buy boxes of the "veritable eau de Cologne" just as the Gravesend tourists buy bags of the veritable shrimps of that ancient and interesting watering-place. And when they manage to poke their noses through the end of a long gutty gullet of a street, and sniff the breath of the brownish-yellow Rhine, crawling sluggishly between its low banks, very incontinently do they begin to compare the opposite bank with that of Tilbury, and to speculate upon the difference in breadth of the two rivers; and choking perhaps with the oleaginous cookery of the German Gasthoff, entertain for a moment something like a vain desire that they might be back again at the "Falcon" to refresh their memories of an old familiar spot, "too early seen unknown, and known too late." No doubt but next day, when they find themselves steaming up the river to Coblenz, and pay their respects to the Seven Mountains by the way, this disloyal feeling leaves them, and their faculties begin to open to perception of the grand and picturesque; and by the time they have steamed back again they have got the panorama book by heart, and have nothing more to desire but to get comfortably home to the Hill of Ludgate, or Corn, or Denmark, or Hampstead (which they begin to think rather meanly of), and to tell the Joneses all they saw and all they didn't see.—*Ainsworth's Magazine*.

THE "GHOST" IN "HAMLET."

This change of dress to the costume of the time has been adopted on the German stage; at least, it was so some time since, when Tieck had the direction of the Dresden Theatre. Several of the scoffers asked him "if the Ghost had a wardrobe?" To which Tieck boldly, and very properly, answered, "Yes; a ghost has as many changes of habit as his errand needs." —*Fraser's Magazine*.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOUSE AT YOUGHAL.

Raleigh's house is here, quite unchanged in its outward appearance, and slightly modified in its internal arrangements; and while one gazes on that roof-tree, it is hard to keep the fancy from wandering away to the incidents in the chivalrous being's history. Generations have come and gone since then; and from Raleigh's day to our own, his old mansion has never wanted occupants—but what of them? "How lived, how loved, how died they?" will comprise everything: they fretted out their little hour here, and then the grave-sod sufficed to enwrap their fame and their frailties all at once; and you, good beholder, care not for their names, nor inquire for their condition. It is not so with the soldier-poet, he is not only your one leading thought, but—without effort—the broken events of a life where romantic adventure was a daily occurrence, pass before you in shadowy review. Ay, with half-closed eye you behold again the first introduction to his sovereign—so admirably painted in *Kenilworth*—when the 'brother cloak, hastily removed from the shoulder, was made a carpet for the royal foot to tread upon; and you remark the benign expression of that proud woman's eyes, as with one glance she rewarded such duteous gallantry. You see him again, when ambition had enkindled her fires in his bosom, tracing out on the pavilion's window frame, the legend,

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall,"

that motto, which first conducted him to the proudest heights of glory, and then brought him down to defeat and ruin. You accompany his steps to the new world, where, in remembrance of its royal donor, his settlement received the name it yet bears, "Virginia"—a graceful and acceptable tribute. You picture him, too, a prisoner in the Tower, with his matchless lady, sharing joyfully his captivity, when the evening closed in, dark and wild, after his busy day; and still you behold a great man. He turned, as you know, calmly to study and reflection; and prepared to meet death with a serenity of purpose, which baffled the malice of his many foes. And then the last scene of all fits before you—the headsman's axe in the Old Palace Yard, "that sharp cure for all diseases"—the myriads of human faces in every quarter encircling the scaffold, some indignant, some pitying, a few triumphant; the sun-rays flashed back from the descending steel; the dull dead sound, and—stillness.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE BOOKS SHOULD BE READ.

To enjoy Zimmerman, you should retire to some lonely spot, where even the voice of Echo has not been heard—where the sole of a Wellington has never penetrated. The interior of Leicester square offers these great advantages. When you are embosomed in the nettles that grow so luxuriantly in that beautiful wilderness, and are fully imbued with the spirit of solitude that reigns around, then take out your cherished Zimmerman, and you will feel the enjoyments of being alone in a manner you never felt before. The grave History of England should be studied at Astley's, where the stage is an animated history in itself. Battles are being fiercely fought—twelve Frenchmen licked by one British sailor—the English always victorious—fresh kings every night—notthing but bloodshed, show, and tinsel; but do not faint or be indignant at this: refer to your Hume and Smollett, and you will find the very same horrors and the same absurdities going on as gravely in the book before you. To commune with Byron you must throw your shirt collar back, expose your poetical neck, and brush your curly hair off your alabaster forehead. Then fancy yourself very ill used and miserable, and cast yourself at full length on the soft sward under one of the dry arches of Waterloo-bridge. To sympathise with the sufferings of *Robinson Crusoe* you should go out in a wager-boat, and get wrecked with one shirt on the Isle of Dogs; there build yourself a hut with the remnants of your wherry, and read the masterpiece of Defoe while you munch hard biscuit, and are exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm. You will then know what it really is to be cast on a desert island. Seat yourself in the pit of the Victoria Theatre, and read Mrs. Radcliffe's mysterious works. See, the inquisition room is full of masks; a dismal lamp hangs from the ceiling; the dread executioner is in the room with his pincers. Between the folds of a sepulchral curtain peers the screw of the excruciating rack; and hark! the shriek of a lovely female in distress breaks upon the affrighted ear. All around breathes of Italian treachery and English innocence. Revel with Old Chaucer only in an omnibus. The motley pilgrims that crowd in and out, if you but follow them closely, will transport you to Canterbury in a way you never could have done by stopping at home.—*George Cruikshank's Table-Book*.

ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Passing over his schoolboy and undergraduate career, we see Arnold (Dr.) a fellow of Oriel, cast among a body of men, most of them destined in no small degree to influence the theological opinions of the age—he himself not the least remarkable of the number. One might almost think, in fact, that this college had acquired by prescription the right of educating champions for the arena of religious controversy: among its members are to be found nearly all the leaders of the various schools at present existing within the Church—the mention of the two extreme parties at once suggests the names of Newman, Pusey, and Keble, on the one hand, and of Whatley and Hampden on the other; while the *via media* of Anglicanism, from its very title, is inseparably associated with Dr. Jelf. When the ecclesiastical history

THE THEATRES.

HAYMARKET.

Mr. Poole's three act drama of "Past and Present," revived at this theatre on Thursday evening, was first performed at Drury Lane, in February, 1830. For the amusement of our play-going readers, we give the cast upon each occasion:

Marquis de St. Victor	..	Mr. Cooper	..	Mr. Stuart
Florille	..	— Jones	..	Holl
Julian St. Victor	..	Madame Vestris	..	Miss Julia Bennett
Larose Mr. W. Farren	..	Mr. W. Farren
Sournois Webster	..	Howe
Placideau Harley	..	Buckstone
Marchioness de St. Victor	..	Mrs. Fauchet	..	Mrs. Edwin Yarnold
Celestine Miss Fauchet	..	Miss Lee
Marie Mrs. Orger	..	Miss Carre

The three acts of this drama are supposed to take place during three different epochs, commencing a few days before the destruction of the Bastille; but the plot is not of any very great importance, having evidently been constructed to allow scope for Mr. Farren's peculiar acting, as *Larose*. He is entrusted with a box of treasure at the commencement of the play; and, after a lapse of thirty years, he is enabled to restore it to the young Julian St. Victor—the father and son being both played by the same performer. The acting of Mr. Farren was very fine: in the character we recognise the origin of all the old soldiers and grandfathers he has since essayed. Miss Julia Bennett gained fresh laurels by her clever representation of *St. Victor, pere et fils*; indeed, the chief interest excited by the progress of the story, lay between herself and the old steward, *Larose*. We do not think that "Past and Present" will be of any very great service to the treasury of the theatre; but it will serve to make out the bill agreeably, until some more important piece is brought forward to take its place. All the *artistes* concerned in its representation played with their wonted care, but the parts were, comparatively, unimportant. The applause throughout was unequalled, and, at the conclusion, Mr. Farren was loudly called for, subsequently appearing to receive the renewed acclamations of the audience. The house was a very fair one at the rising of the curtain, and, at half price, well filled.

ADELPHI.

The Canal St. Martin is a part of Paris very little known to the English visitors, but a most interesting locality to the native residents. It debouches into the Seine opposite the Jardin des Plantes; and, running under the site of the ancient Bastille, joins the Canal de l'Ourcq outside the barrier of St. Martin, or La Villette. It is a very favourite promenade with the Parisians; not with the dashing *habitués* of the Boulevard des Italiens and Bois de Boulogne, but the quiet *bourgeoisie* of the eastern quarters and the little *gamins* who flourish in the dirt and poverty of the Rue St. Antoine. Here the children of the *épicier* are paraded by the nurse, to see the boats filled with wood and the washerwomen in their long barges: and here the father of the aforesaid comes once a week to give his dog a bath—an operation of sufficient interest to attract a vast crowd of idlers, who are always ready in Paris to stop and gape at anything. Towards evening, the quays are often chosen for appointments; and then the little bright-eyed *grisettes*, in cap and shawl, may be observed listening to long protestations of eternal affection, for at least six weeks; or talking themselves, with such appealing looks, that one may be certain they are pleading some very interesting cause.

This "Canal St. Martin," then, with its wood-yards and barges—its *grisettes* and washerwomen—its lovers and *gamins*—has furnished the subject for an effective drama of the same name, now playing, to good houses, every night, at the *Gaieté* Theatre, and re-produced, on Monday last, at our Adelphi, under the title of "Clarisse, or the Merchant's Daughter," with perfect success. It is as good a piece (of its class) as we remember to have seen, and precisely what people have been accustomed to look for at this Theatre. The story—which, by the way, is not very clearly made out in some parts of the play—is nearly this:—*Larose* (Mr. O. Smith), "a merchant *de bois*, or wood-merchant," as the bill kindly states, for the benefit of the uneducated, has a daughter, *Clarisse* (Madame Celeste), who superintends his business, and is beloved by his clerk, *Armand* (Mr. Worrell). During the absence of *Larose*, a visit is paid to the wood-yard by *Martial* (Mr. Webster), a fashionable *chevalier d'industrie*, who has formed a plan to rob the counting-house that night, with the assistance of the gang, of which he is at the head. He pays some attention to *Clarisse*, to the great annoyance of *Robert* (Mr. Lambert), the sturdy foreman of the wood-yard; and tells *Armand* that if he will meet him that night he can introduce him to those who will improve his prospects. *Armand*, flattered by this mark of kindness, consents; and, during his absence, the robbery is effected. We are next introduced to the lodging of *Mélanie* (Miss Woolgar), a *grisette, par sang*, as Paul de Koch would say, living at the very topmost landing of the house, with her bird and furniture—a realization of Eugene Sue's *Nigoliette*. She has a very droll lover in the person of *Barillon* (Mr. Wright), an amphibious nondescript, haunting the canal for what he can pick out of it, from a flounder to a suicide; and, sometimes, by his own confession, pushing people in on the sly, to get a reward for diving after them. A supper, of bread and salad, between this pair, is very amusing. We are then transported to the banks of the Canal St. Martin, and find *Armand* returning, after being out all night. The robbery has been discovered, and the wood-yard is all confusion, increased by the arrival of *Larose* in his barge. *Martial* arrives, and quietly makes known to *Larose* that he has a secret concerning the wood-merchant that may destroy him, but that it may be bought up for money. *Larose* appoints an interview on board his own barge, at ten that evening. *Armand* is dismissed upon suspicion of the robbery, and the act concludes with an affray between the workmen and the Municipal Guard.

In act two, we have represented the cabin of *Larose's* barge. *Martial* arrives; and when they are alone, tells *Larose* that he knows him to be a pirate and a murderer, recalling some circumstances with minute detail, to his memory, connected with the assassination and plunder of some passengers entrusted to his charge when master of a vessel. *Larose*, perceiving that he is in the power of the other, determines to destroy him. He therefore agrees to the terms proposed by *Martial*, to be paid for secrecy, and asks him to take wine. *Martial*, suspicious of poison, begs his host to drink first. *Larose* complies, and *Martial* is about to follow his example, when, by his companion's contrivance, the part of the floor on which he is seated turns completely over on a pivot, and he is supposed to be shot into the water, an empty chair coming up in his place. This effect was very novel and startling. *Clarisse* appears just as the event takes place, and is witness of the murder. The action then passes to a *fête* in the gardens at Belleville, given by *Larose* to his workmen, at which he attends, having recalled *Armand*, and given *Clarisse* to him in marriage, to bribe her into silence upon the late event. To his horror, in the midst of the festivities, *Martial* stands before him, having been fished out of the canal by *Barillon*. Doubly in his power, he is compelled to grant all that *Martial* demands. In the third act, we find the wedding contract being drawn up between *Clarisse* and *Martial*, the other being, of course, discarded. *Robert*, however, who has escaped from prison, whether he had been wrongfully sent, interrupts the ceremony, at the *île de la Villette*, declaring that he is *Clarisse's* own father, at the same time denouncing *Larose*, who goes into his house, under pretence of procuring some documents, and there shoots himself. *Martial* is arrested by the police, and *Clarisse* bestows her hand at length, in reality, upon *Armand*. This is the clearest notion we can give of the plot, which is somewhat complicated, two or three interests constantly crossing one another—and especially confused towards the end—possibly from the circumstance of cutting five acts down to three.

For the acting the chief praise must be awarded to Mr. Webster for his admirable personation of the cool French swindler *Martial*. His general "make up" was excellent, and the perfect *nondchalance* with which he took everything, was capitally preserved to the very last. Madame Celeste played *Clarisse* with her usual force and effect, but we should have preferred Mrs. Yates in the character. In the representation of a part like *Mélanie*, or that in "The Mysterious Stranger," Madame Celeste is inimitable; but in quiet domestic melodrama she is, to us, out of her element. When there is no cause for the broken English, it becomes somewhat wearisome—the ear is kept on the strain too much to catch the words. As some one near us quaintly observed, "She is very *eligible* every now and then." We do not mean, however, by this to deprecate Madame Celeste's powers as an actress, for they are of no ordinary character. Mr. Wright was immensely funny as *Barillon*; his accounts of the different methods by which he saved his victims from the canal, drew forth peals of laughter, in which we confess to have joined as loudly as the rest. Miss Woolgar played *Mélanie* with great intelligence, and was dressed for the *grisette* to the life. She only lacked the square *cabot*—that constant companion which the *brocheuses*, or *ciseuses*, or *mouuse*, or whatever she may be, can make to hold such a wonderful collection of domestic articles. Mr. O. Smith played *Larose* with all his original power; Mr. Lambert was a sturdy, forcible *Robert*; and Mr. Munyard very quaint as an English tiger, and member of *Martial's* company. Mr. Paul Bettford had a trifling part, as *Gatou*, an idle, drunken workman, which he made a great deal of, introducing a song, with an uncommonly pretty *riffraff*, composed by Mr. Mellor.

We cannot conclude this notice without direct allusion to the care with which the entire *mise en scène* has been arranged. The Canal St. Martin, the public gardens at Belleville, and the Fête de la Villette, are truly duly represented; and all the costumes are in keeping with them. A *gavotte* dance in the second act was sufficiently characteristic, and loudly encores. We remark, when the conventional notions of head-dresses for all French female pupulation were confined to the handkerchief tied up over the head or the high lace cap. Now, we would wager that one might walk from Clichy to the Barrière St. Jacques—that is, right through Paris—without encountering either one or the other; except the first on the old women "*qui tondent les cheveux*" upon the Pont Neuf, and the second on the plump Normandy *bonne* watching her charges and the soldiers in the Luxembourg Gardens. These points betoken great care and perception on the part of a management, and must, of course, answer in the end; for the public have now travelled so much, that they know a great deal more of present costume at all parts of the globe; and can give better authorities at their disposal than all of the wardrobe superintendents of the London theatres, put together.

We have said the drama was entirely successful; and will, we think, have a very fair run. It has been translated by Mr. Edward Stirling.

ASTLEY'S.

This theatre, after having been closed for a few days, reopened "for the winter season" on Monday. The circumstance reminds us of the farmer, who, living in a weather-house—one of those little paste-board tenements, now nearly extinct, wherein two small figures prognosticated the approach of fair or wet weather by

their going in and out—thought he would ensure a dry time for his harvest by fixing the representative of "fair" outside. So, we opine, Mr. Batty, anxious for winter, determined to induce its approach by printing in his bills that it had arrived; and, oddly enough, the cold weather followed immediately. We always had great faith in the power of the Astley's management, but never before gave it credit for such cunning in meteorology. We knew that it could direct thunderbolts to impious altars, conjure up snow storms in Afghanistan, and indulge in similar atmospheric diversions, but this last *coup* fairly surprised us. The "Brumal ingress," then—in the words of Francis Moore, physician—was celebrated by the production of a new spectacle, termed in the bills "an ectype of great beauty, power, and splendour, called 'The Bride of the Nile, or the Lily of Memphis and the Oracle of Latona';" and we are happy in being able to record its perfect success. We cannot exactly detail the plot, but it was very wonderful; with the additional advantage of introducing us to several new facts connected with the manners, customs, and idiosyncrasies of the ancient Egyptians, of which we were before entirely ignorant. There were banquets, fights, and processions; chariot races, tame crocodiles and pyramids; inundations of the Nile and water pageants without end. And at the conclusion, Virtue was triumphant and Vice was punished, to the proper delight of all well-regulated minds. Mr. Denvil made his first appearance here as *Olympeus*, a supposed Grecian Prince, and promised to become an acquisition to the Company, being what the late Mr. Richardson termed "a bold speaker;" and lungs are certainly required in a house like Astley's. We can speak also in terms of commendation of Mrs. J. Cooke, who delivered the speeches set down for her very sensibly. The piece has been very magnificently produced, and the properties and different appointments are really splendid; but we fancy that too much time is lost in the marching and countermarching of the processions. We are sure the effect would be better, were they brought on *en masse*, as there are actually a vast number of people engaged in them. The last scenes might also be improved, the Temple of Isis, on the river, being backed by an abrupt half-scene of a pyramid used a little while before, by which all perspective and effect were destroyed. As a whole, however, it is a piece admirably adapted to the peculiar resources of the theatre, and will, without doubt, draw good houses for many nights to come. Besides, there is complete novelty about it; and with all our patriotism, we must plead guilty to having been wearied of the "triumphs of British valour," whether at Scinde or Amoy.

The scenes in the circle were admirable, being supported by the French troop of *artistes*, of whom we have before had occasion to speak in high terms; and the humours of the two clowns, Mr. Barry and M. Popowitz—a Dutchman, we believe—enlivened the equitation very much. The performances, altogether, are equal to anything we have ever seen at Franconi's. We are happy to add that the house was very well filled; and the audience expressed their perfect satisfaction at everything they saw, by liberal and continued applause.

The PRINCESS' THEATRE will reopen, it is affirmed, with a most powerful company. Amongst the names mentioned, as about to form the *corps*, are Messrs. Macready, James Wallack, Charles Mathews, Walter Lacy, Compton, Oxberry, Granby, Leigh, Murray, &c.; and Mesdames Vestris, Cushman, W. Lucy, Stirling, Brangham, Emma Stanley, &c.

Miss Kate Howard announces the opening of the OLYMPIC at an early period, which she promises to restore to its most flourishing days, meaning of course the Vestris management. We must remind the lady that to effect this the most extreme care will be requisite in collecting a first-rate company of established favourites, and paying the greatest attention to detail in every compartment of the house. As all the actors of any reputation are already engaged at the various theatres, we are curious to learn of whom the new corps will consist.

HENRY BETTY, who some time since made a successful *début* in the metropolis, has, we hear, accepted another engagement here, and is to appear at the Pavilion Theatre on Monday. Mr. Betty commences his engagement as *Hamlet*, and will subsequently play *Othello*, and other characters, for the representation of which he has acquired fame in the provinces.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.—A very flat afternoon, and only four horses in any favour for the St. Leger, viz.—Miss Sarah, Mentor, The Pacha, and Due-an-Durras. Upon this lot a good deal of money was laid out at our quotations; and a few ponies and "rouleaus" were put on Red Robin and Pantasa, but without showing any decided feeling either for or against. Mr. Gully's two, Mr. Forth's horses, and The Baron, were terribly out of favour; nor was there any great disposition evinced in favour of Mid Lothian, Fitz Allen, or Worthless, although each backed for small sums. We have added the closing averages.

LEAMINGTON STAKES.		5 to 1 agst Rochester (t)	
ST. LEGER.		5 to 1 agst Rochester (t)	
Even between four and the 1st to 1 agst Old England	13 to 1 — Red Robin	30 to 1 agst Worthless	
7 to 2 — Miss Sarah	16 to 1 — Red Robin	30 to 1 — Fitz Allen	
6 to 1 — Weatherbit	20 to 1 — The Pacha	40 to 1 — Connaught Ranger	
8 to 1 — Mentor (t)	20 to 1 — Due-an-Durras	50 to 1 — Chertsey	
12 to 1 — Merry Monarch	25 to 1 — The Baron	60 to 1 — Clear-the-Way	
	25 to 1 — Mid Lothian (t)	60 to 1 — June	
	30 to 1 — Old England	100 to 1 — Robin Burns	
	Idas is declared not to start.		

THURSDAY.—Several of the "regulars" being returnable from Warwick, the betting proceeded this afternoon as usual, but without leading to any decided effect on the quotations. It was clear, however, that the two favourites, The Baron and Due-an-Durras, were the only horses in favour; and that both Forth's and Dawson's lots were in very bad odour. Pantasa and The Pacha were steady; Old England and Red Robin on the totter. The prices given below are made up to the close of the room.

ST. LEGER.		30 to 1 agst Worthless	
3 to 1 — Miss Sarah (t)		15 to 1 — Merry Monarch	35 to 1 — Old Ireland
11 to 2 — Weatherbit (t)		20 to 1 — Red Robin	50 to 1 — Chertsey
12 to 1 — Mentor (t)		20 to 1 — Due-an-Durras	2000 to 35 — Clear-the-Way
15 to 1 — The Pacha		20 to 1 — The Baron (t)	(t)
17 to 1 — Pantasa (t)		25 to 1 — Mid Lothian (t)	8 to 1 agst Pacha & Pantasa, t

WARRICK RACES.—TUESDAY.

The Guy (Produce) States of 50 sovs each. Mr. Bristow's f Carrissima, by Carew, out of Mary .. walked over

The Leamington Stakes of 25 sovs each, with 100 added. Lord Exeter's br f Wee Pet, by Sheet Anchor .. (Pettit) 1

Hon. F. Ongley's ch g Roderick 2

The Maiden Plate of £50. Heats. Lord Warwick's Gwalia (Whitehouse) 1

Mr. G. Shepherd's f by Glaucus (H. Bradley) 2

WEDNESDAY.

The Foal Stakes of 10 sovs each, with 25 added, for foals of 1842.

Mr. J. J. Bristow's f Carrissima (Wakefield) 1

Sir C. Cockerell's br c Rodney 2

A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, with 50 added.

Mr. Holloway's br c Baronet, by Sir Isaac (Marlow) 1

Sir C. Cockerell's f Amazon (h b) (Darling, jun.) 2

The Warwick Cup, in specie, by subs of 10 sovs each.

Lord Warwick's b h Yardley (Whitehouse) 1

Mr. Collins's br h Rochester (Darling) 2

THE STAFFORDSHIRE PLATE OF £50. Heats.

Mr. Raworth's br c Kilgram (Bradley) 1

Mr. G. Shepherd's b f by Glaucus (H. Bradley) 2

THURSDAY.

The Stand Handicap of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, with 50 added.

Mr. Waller's b c Columbus, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb (H. Bradley) 1

Mr. Rolt's ch h Hampton, 6 yrs, 7st 13lb (Cohen) 2

The Queen's Plate of 100 guineas. Heats.

Lord Warwick's Gwalia, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb (G. Whitehouse) 1

Mr. Raworth's Kilgram, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb (Bradley) 2

CURRAGH MEETING—SEPT. 2.

THE QUEEN ON THE RHINE.

By reason of the number of sketches of the Royal Progress on the Rhine, in our Journal of the 23rd ult., we were compelled to omit the accompanying Illustrations.

The first shows her Majesty and suite on board the *Fairy* steamer, sketched from an elevated position on shore. The Queen is seated in an arm-chair upon deck, and the King of Prussia is pointing out to her Majesty's notice some of the many remarkable objects upon this right Royal river. To the right of the Queen is Prince Albert; the Sovereign being attended by a single general officer in uniform. The scene conveys a correct idea of the entire absence of state from this portion of the Royal tour, and the *jouissance* by which it has been characterized.

St. Goar, a post-town, lying below Rheinfels, the subject of the larger Engraving, lies in the midst of the glories of the Rhine, in sight of some of its finest scenes; and is, therefore, a very desirable spot for tourists to halt in for a day. The views in its vicinity are among the most picturesque in the whole course of the river, and the rocks which hem it on both sides are sublimely wild and precipitous. The Castle of Rheinfels, magnificent in appearance, and interesting from its history, rewards the trouble of the ascent, by the enchanting view which it commands. Another fine view is to be obtained from the summit of the heights above St. Goar, which rise immediately in face of the Lurleiberg.

Near the centre of the town of St. Goar is the Protestant church, built in 1465. In the Catholic church of St. Goar is the rude image of that holy hermit, who, in early times, took up his abode in this spot, while it was still a wilderness, to preach the religion of the Cross to its rude inhabitants, and afterwards gave his name to the town. His shrine is famed for working miracles, and his help is supposed to have rescued many a poor boatman who prayed to him from the perils of the Gewirr (a whirlpool in this part of the river), and the enchantments of Undine, the Nymph of the Lurlei.

On the opposite, or Nassau, bank of the Rhine, at the entrance of the pretty Schweitzer Thal (Swiss Valley), above the village of Goarshausen, rises the very picturesque Castle of the Cat (a contraction of Katzenelbogen, Cat's Elbow), the name of its original possessors. The view from it is not inferior to that from the left bank. Those who feel an ardour to climb still higher may reach the brow of

HER MAJESTY'S STEAMER, "THE FAIRY," ON THE RHINE.

the Lurlei, and gaze upon the Rhine from the brink of this lofty precipice.

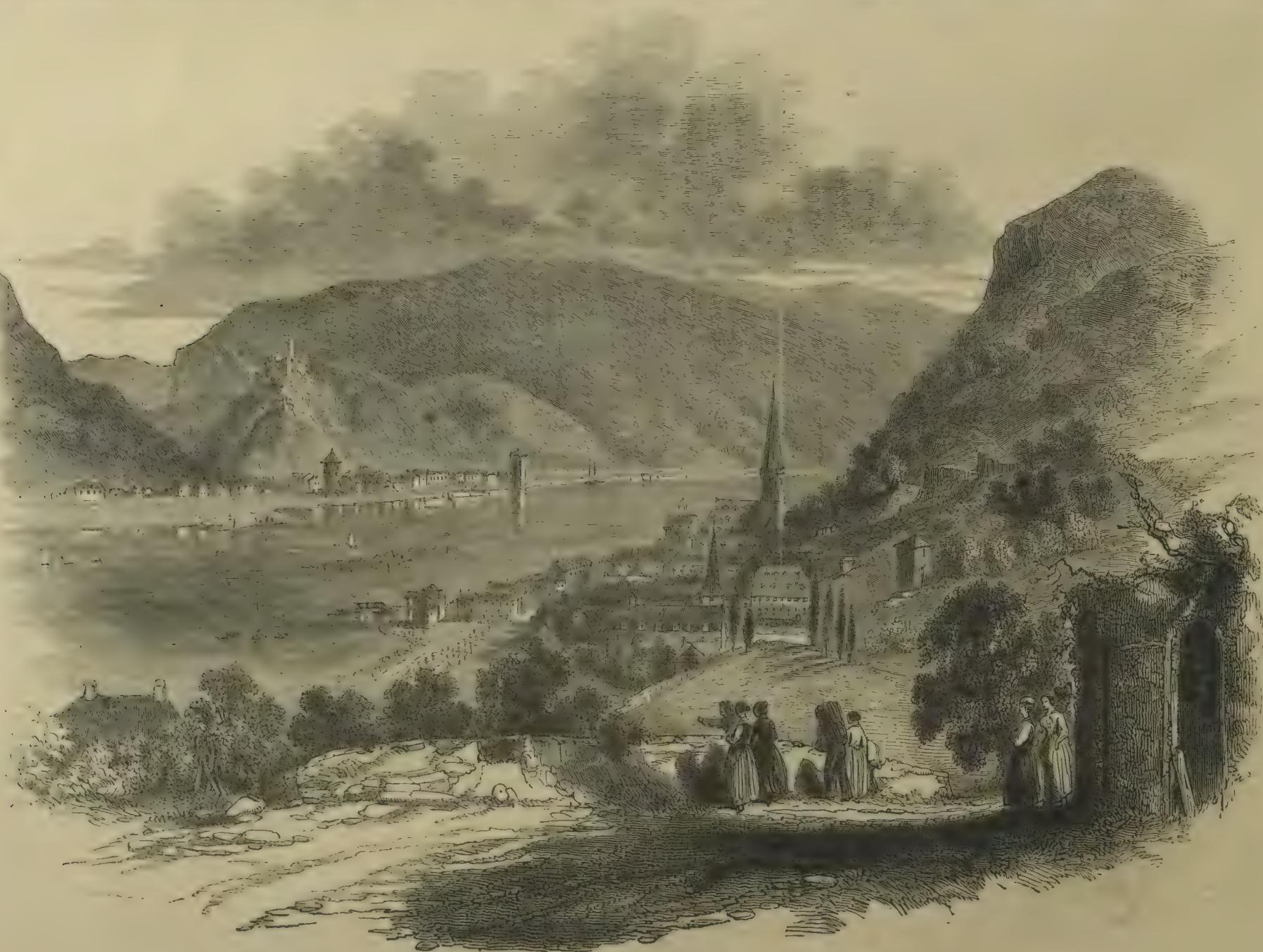
We cannot conclude better than by the following description of the Rhine from the pen of a German; for it serves to illustrate the feelings of pride, and almost veneration, with which the Rhine is regarded in Germany; it is, indeed, looked upon as the national river. The passage is quoted in Mr. Murray's excellent "Handbook of Northern Germany."

"There are rivers whose course is longer, and whose volume of water is greater, but none which unites almost every thing that can render an earthly object magnificent and charming in the same degree as the Rhine. As it flows down from the distant ridges of the Alps, through fertile regions, into the open sea, so it comes down from remote antiquity, associated in every age with momentous events in the history of the neighbouring nations."

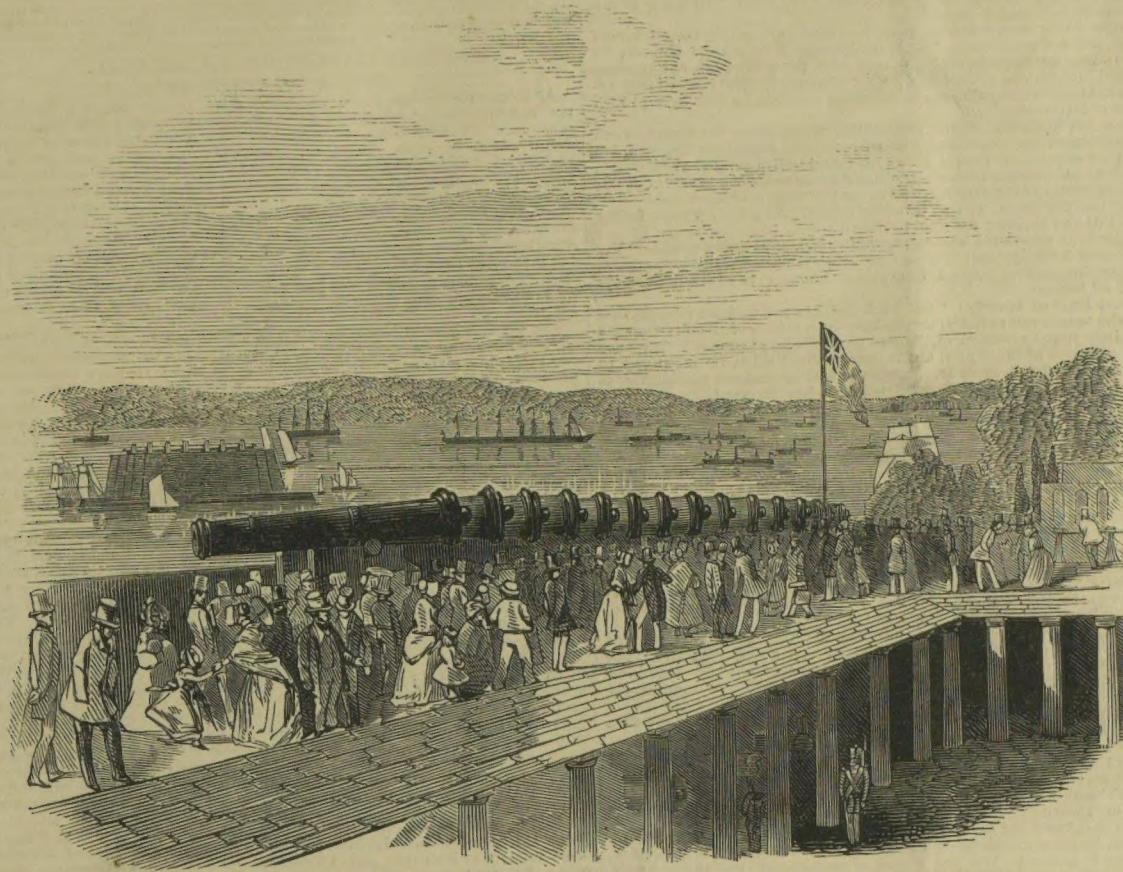
"A river which presents so many historical recollections of

Roman conquests and defeats, of the chivalric exploits in the feudal periods, of the wars and negotiations of modern times, of the coronations of emperors, whose bone-repose by its side; on whose borders stand the two grandest monuments of the noble architecture of the middle ages; whose banks present every variety of wild and picturesque rocks, thick forests, fertile plains; vineyards, sometimes gently sloping, sometimes perched among lofty crags, where industry has won a domain among the fortresses of nature; whose banks are ornamented with populous cities, flourishing towns and villages, castles and ruins, with which a thousand legends are connected; with beautiful and romantic roads, and salutary mineral springs; a river whose waters offer choice fish, as its banks offer the choicest wines; which in its course of 900 miles, affords 630 miles of uninterrupted navigation, from Basle to the sea, and enables the inhabitants of its banks to exchange the rich and various products of its shores; whose cities, famous for commerce, science, and works of strength, which furnish protection to Germany, are also famous as the seats of Roman colonies and of ecclesiastical councils, and are associated with many of the most important events recorded in the history of mankind;—such a river, it is not surprising that the Germans regard with a kind of reverence, and frequently call, in poetry, *Father or King Rhine*."—DR. LIEBER.

NEW LINES OF STEAM VESSELS.—New lines of steamers from this country to distant parts of the world are constantly forming. On Wednesday week the *Novelties* sailed from Liverpool for Constantinople, as the first of a monthly line of steamers between that port and the Turkish capital. Steamers have just begun to run between London and Leghorn, and in a short time the line from Liverpool to Rio and the River Plate will commence operations. British enterprise has now established steam communication with the following countries:—To Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, by the Hull line; to St. Petersburg; to North Germany, by the Hull and London lines to Hamburg; to Holland, Belgium, and France, by the General Steam Company's vessels; to the north and south of Spain and to Portugal, by the Peninsular Company's vessels; to Italy, by the new line from London to Leghorn; to Malta, the Levant, and Constantinople, by the new line from Liverpool; to Egypt, Arabia, Ceylon, India, Singapore, and China, by the Oriental Steam Company's vessels; to British America and the United States, by the Cunard and Great Western lines from Liverpool; to the West Indies, Mexico, and the North coast of South America, by the West India line; to Peru and Chili, by the West Coast line; to Brazil and the River Plate by the line now building in Liverpool. The only British colonies of any importance which have not now the advantage of steam communication with the mother country are the Cape, the Mauritius, and Australian colonies.



ST. GOAR, ON THE RHINE.



ARRIVAL OF "THE GREAT BRITAIN" STEAM-SHIP AT NEW YORK.

ARRIVAL OF THE "GREAT BRITAIN" STEAM-SHIP AT NEW YORK.

Our artist at New York has not omitted to chronicle graphically this very interesting event in steam navigation. It appears that the monster vessel arrived safely in the Bay of New York on the afternoon of Sunday, the 10th of August, after a passage of 14 days and 21 hours. She was telegraphed at noon, but she was not positively known by the public generally to be near till about two o'clock, when thousands upon thousands of the New Yorkers proceeded in continued streams towards every spot from which a view of her might be obtained. There had been many false rumours of her approach, and some anxiety had begun to be felt at her non-arrival on Sunday morning.

The Times Correspondent gives the subjoined very interesting details of her arrival:—

"A regular New York August sun was pouring down almost intolerable heat, and the water gleamed like molten silver. Amongst a fleet of small steamers and River craft was the 'big ship,' a Triton amongst the minnows. She was approaching the Battery, and seemed to be steering for the North River, but when she had shown herself to the thousands who thronged the promenade by the Castle garden—perhaps the most magnificent city promenade in the world—she turned, as on a pivot, and slowly steamed over to the Brooklynshore, and then passed gracefully below the heights, which, together with the Gowanus shores, the masts of shipping, the tops of houses, and, indeed, every spot which commanded a view of the river, were crowded. She then went on slowly to her wharf, at the foot of Clinton-street, where she was moored in safety."

"It was not until she got opposite the Battery that her great size made any impression on the spectators. As she passed the *North Carolina* man-of-war her great length was apparent, but I did not think she looked very elegant with her six low masts. The graceful rig of the American vessels is well known, and the *Great Britain* contrasted unfavourably in the opinion of many. Nevertheless she was heartily welcomed, although there was no cheering; the day forbade any demonstration of the kind."

"As the ship entered the harbour she was gaily dressed with colours which streamed from each of her masts. At the gaff the large union flag of England floated gaily in the breeze; the first mast had the Austrian flag; the second mast the Russian; the third, the Spanish; the fourth, the French tricolour; the main, the union-jack; at the foremast a blended flag of England and America, the stars of the latter country blending with the blue, white, and red, of the union of England, and at the lower quartering the stripes."

Captain Hoskin informed me that nothing of any importance occurred on the voyage out; the passengers seemed all pleased with the accommodations, and spoke in the very highest terms of Captain Hoskin as a gentleman and a sailor. They remarked on the very slight vibratory motion in the *Great Britain*, as compared with that produced by paddle-wheels, and seemed confident as to the ultimate success of the ship."

On Monday, the *Great Britain* was opened to the public at the rate of 25 cents a-head, and 12½ cents extra to the engine-room; and thousands poured into New York to see the "big ship."

The following is an analysis of the voyage:—

Nautical Miles.

The distance from Liverpool to the South Stack Light-house of Holyhead is	72
Thence to the Tuskar Lighthouse	90
From the Tuskar Light to Cape Clear	134
Cape Clear to New York	3008
Whole Distance from Liverpool to New York ..	3304

The *Great Britain* steamed this distance, against foul winds and cross seas, in 143 days, or 354 hours, giving an average speed for the whole voyage of somewhat more than 9½ knots or nautical miles (which is equal to 10½ statute miles) per hour. From unquestionable data in possession of her Majesty's Government, it can be proved that neither the Halifax nor the West India steam packets have been able to maintain in their outward passages (say for a period of six months) an average speed equal to what has been achieved by the *Great Britain* on her first voyage to New York; although many instances may have occurred in which a homeward passage, made under favourable circumstances, has shown (as in the last voyage of the *Cambray*) an average speed of 10½ knots or nautical miles per hour.

Our artist has sketched the Leviathan vessel passing Fort Hamilton and the Narrows. In the foreground are the crowd of spectators, and the battery of enormous guns; next is Fort Diamond; then the six-masted steamer; beyond her Staten Island; and, in the offing, numerous steam-boats and ships meeting the huge vessel.

CAPTURE OF A PIRATE SLAVER.

In our naval intelligence of last week, we detailed this gallant engagement between the boats of H. M. S. *Pantalon*, and a piratical slaver, off the western coast of Africa, on the 26th of May last. We have since been favoured with a sketch of the affair, taken by Commander E. Wilson; and beneath it appears this brief record of the result:—"After a stout resistance of half-an-hour, the slaver was boarded, and carried by the boats, with a loss of two killed and eight wounded; the slaver having seven killed and seven wounded, amongst which number was the captain."

We can only add our congratulation to our correspondent on the satisfactory termination of this intrepidity in the cause of oppressed humanity.

GEORGE HUDSON, ESQ., M.P.

Mr. Hudson, "the Railway King," was, until recently, a linendraper at York, of which city he has been twice Lord Mayor. In his business he realised some fortune, and inherited more by a bequest. His career in railway enterprise has been, it is well known, attended with unprecedented success, attributable, in no trivial degree, to his ability, judgment, and integrity. One Company granted him, we understand, £50,000, in recompence for his admirable management of their affairs. At present his wealth is enormous; and he has purchased within the last year a considerable estate from the Duke of Devonshire.

Mr. Hudson enjoys unbounded popularity in his own district, and people of all ranks would be glad to confide any sum of money to his discretion and speculative enterprise. His sudden rise has not blunted his naturally kind disposition. It is related of him, that, visiting a brother tradesman, whose fortunes had been the reverse of his own, he proposed to him the purchase of shares in a particular railroad he named, at which his poor friend smiled in derision, asserting his utter want of means, and consequent incapacity to avail himself of the offer. "Never mind," said Hudson, "I will arrange that for you;" and in a brief period he called again on his old associate with a cheque for several thousand pounds, the fruits of the speculation.

We find in the *York Herald* the following tribute to Mr. Hudson's worth:—"We are glad of the opportunity of thus noticing superior talent in a political opponent. As a citizen and neighbour, we have known Mr. Hudson for many years; and, whether in private life—in the Mansion-house, as Chief Magistrate of the City—or in his more arduous engagements in the railroad world—we have ever found that though his politics (to us) were objectionable, yet his course was always straightforward, and highly honourable."

In proof of the extent of Mr. Hudson's railway enterprise, it may be stated that in the Parliamentary Return of Persons Subscribing to Railway Contracts, for which Bills were presented during the late Session, the total amount of Mr. Hudson's subscription is £319,835; and his interest in one railway (Newcastle and Berwick) amounts to £200,000. The extent of Mr. Hudson's railway connections may be illustrated by the following circumstance:—

In a late Committee of the House of Lords, he was requested to point out the different railways in which he was interested; this he did, with much good-humour, commencing at Bristol on one side, and Rugby on the other, and proceeding northward as far as Edinburgh, adding, that he was either chairman or director on almost all the railways in that great extent of country.

A short time since, at York, he thus adverted to some of the evils of rapid legislation:—"He feared that railway accidents would become much more frequent, when he saw the Legislature, as they had done this session, sanctioning lines with gradients so bad that they would require the locomotive engine behind as well as before. He almost shuddered for the consequences."

Mr. Hudson's recent return to Parliament for the borough of Sunderland will be freely in the recollection of our readers. He is of Conservative prin-



MR. G. HUDSON, M.P.—"THE RAILWAY KING."

ciples; but, in one of his addresses, "he pledged himself, if sent to Parliament, to act as an independent member, seeking only to promote the welfare of the country. He had sprung from the people; to his own exertions he owed any wealth or influence which he might possess; and for the promotion of the interests of the people, he was determined to use his utmost efforts."

OTELLO.

A TALE OF THE OPERA.

(Continued from page 138.)



(See page 138 col. 1.—"As sure as Othello is announced, Desdemona will be disabled.")

The old man stopped, and looked on his guests, as if to observe the effect of what he had read; they were silent, and the manager turned the leaves of the large volume till he came to a later date. He again read:—

"The 16th of January, 1775, for the benefit of Middle Koller, 'Othello, the Moor of Venice.' * The Princess Elizabeth died on the 24th of January. Again judgment. He visits the sins of the fathers upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation."

"And granting things have so happened," said the Major; "it can only be that the caprice of accident has produced the coincidence. Give me but one reasonable circumstance to prove that these deaths occurred because 'Othello' was played."

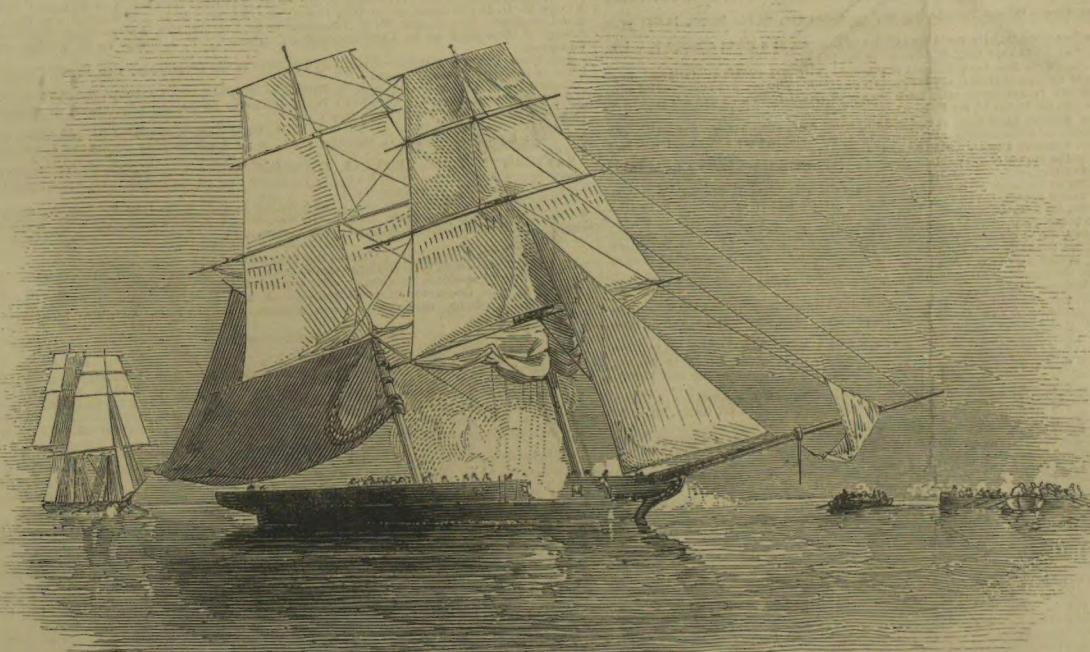
"That I cannot do," said the Manager; "but I remember me of the words of that great genius of which this fatal tragedy was the creation—'There are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in our philosophy.'"

"I know the passage well," replied the Major; "and I believe Shakespeare would never have penned it had he known how many absurdities would be sheltered under its authority."

"It is possible," said the Manager. "But hear further. I come now to a somewhat more recent instance, one which I can remember myself—that of the Duke HIMSELF!"

"How! the same by whom the actress was murdered?"

"The same. Twenty years passed away and 'Othello' was never acted; but I remember it as if it were but yesterday. Some foreign Prince and his family paid a visit to the ducal residence. They were pleased with our theatre; and, I know not how it came about, but one of the Princesses wished to have 'Othello' played. The Duke was very unwilling to consent, not from fear of the dread event that had always followed it, for he was one of those who believed neither in angels nor in spirits, and had always laughed to scorn the general impression that had grown up from the occurrences in his own family. But he was now an aged man, and the



CAPTURE OF A PIRATE SLAVER, ON THE WESTERN COAST OF AFRICA.

crimes and profligacy of his youth weighed heavily on his heart; and he really had, though he would never avow it, an utter aversion to this play. But whether he did not wish to offend the Princess by a refusal, or whether he feared to show the public that he was afraid of its opinion, the piece was ordered to be got up in all haste, and it was acted at his country residence on the 16th of October, 1793."

"And what followed?" asked the friends impatiently.

"Eight days afterwards, on the 24th of October, the Duke died."

"Is it possible?" said the Major, after a pause of silence. "Let me see your Chronicle; where is the note of anything about the Duke; there is nothing written in the margin."

"No," said the old man, taking two books from a recess; "but here are his Biography and his Funeral Oration: will you examine them?"

The Count took a small black-bound volume and read—"Description of the Solemn Interment of the late Duke and Prince Von —, who died on the 24th day of October, 1793." It is a silent witness, but a strong one, and might well convince me against my reason; but it is accident, all accident, and nothing else. Now, know you another such an example?"

"I could tell you some other instances," said the old man quietly, "but you are getting weary with their sameness; but listen to one more case only of the most recent date. Rossini wrote his glorious opera, in which he proved what many had doubted, that he could touch the deepest and saddest chords of sympathy in the human heart. His theme and its name, as you may imagine, did not produce any great favour in a high quarter here, and 'Otello' was not placed in the *repertoire* of our opera, of which I was then the chief tenor. The amateurs of the town, however, had played some of the scenes at different concerts, and these few pieces awakened a desire in the public to hear the whole opera, then delighting all the capitals of Europe. Of the fatal events that had always accompanied the tragedy nothing was said; it seemed a general belief that, in the form of an opera, it was another 'Otello' altogether, and that the spell of music would charm the avenging Spirit from its unrelenting purpose. At last, the Manager received an order to produce 'Otello'; it was cast and rehearsed, I myself performing the Moor. The house was crowded to suffocation; the Court, the Nobility, the world of fashion, all were there, the orchestra played with enthusiasm, and the company left nothing to be desired. It was a brilliant scene, Gentlemen; but yet there was something that weighed uneasily on all our spirits—an evil influence seemed to surround us, which increased as the play proceeded, and became really painful when Desdemona preparing herself to go to rest, sang the harp that mournful song of foreboding, while her murderer, the ruthless Moor, drew near. It was the same house, the same stage, the same scene, as that in which a lovely creature lost her life so miserably; and I must confess, that, though I knew I was but playing a part, a slight tremor seized me, as, at the end of the fearful scene in the chamber, I looked anxiously towards the Prince's box, from whence so many blooming and elegant beings were looking at our performance. 'Wilt thou be appeased, thou fatal Spirit, by the sweetness of the strains that have accompanied thy death?' I thought. And it seemed as if it were even so; for five, six days passed, and nothing was heard of any sickness at the castle. People laughed that it should have required only the disguise of an opera to cheat the Avenger of the Tragedy of its victim. The seventh day passed quietly, but the eighth came,—and Prince Ferdinand was killed in a great shooting party in the park!"

"I have heard of the occurrence, said the Major, but it was an accident; the piece of a gentleman who stood near him suddenly went off, and—"

"And I say that again the Avenger wrought retribution in the race of the shedder of blood: the poisoned chalice was commended again to the lips of those who prepared it! I speak of events that cannot be explained, but which exhibit a mysterious and invariable connection."

"And where is it written that 'Otello' was played eight days before the shooting party?"

"Here!" said the Manager, as calmly, but with as much certainty as a merchant would point to an entry in his ledger—"here!"

The Count read:—

"'Otello,' an opera by Rossini; 12th of March."

On the margin, underlined with three strokes were the words:—

"20th of March; the Prince Ferdinand killed by the discharge of a fowling piece, while shooting."

The two friends looked at each other for some moments in silence; they appeared as if they wished to smile, but the earnestness of the old man, and the strange concurrence of each fatal event with the cause he alleged for it, had made a deeper impression on them both than they were willing themselves to admit. The Major turned over the leaves of the Chronicle, as if musing on its contents; the Count had buried his face in his hands, and seemed sunk in a still deeper reverie. At last he arose; "and all this avail you nothing," he said; "the opera must be played; the whole Court, all the Ambassadors, already know it is intended, and we shall be laughed at if our purpose is shaken by such tales as these. Here are four hundred thalers, the gift of some lovers of music who wish to see 'Otello' given in perfection. Spend them as you think fit for the purpose, and—he added with a laugh—"retain an exorcist or magician to lay your spirit, have a whole circle full of witches if you will, but, at all events, give us 'Otello'!"

"Gentlemen," said the old man, "it is possible that in my youth I too may have laughed and jested at such tales; but age has made me more thoughtful, and I have learned that there are many things that must not be rejected without consideration. I thank you for your gift, and I will expend it so as to satisfy those who send it. But only on the most imperative orders will I produce Otello. Oh, Heaven!" said he, mournfully, "if the stroke should again descend, and that dear, gentle, beautiful creature, the Princess Sophia, be the victim!"

"Peace!" exclaimed the Count, growing deadly pale; "your childish stories are infectious, and with listening to them one might fear to walk about in the broad day-light. Adieu! Do not forget that whatever happens, 'Otello' must be played. Make me no professional excuses of colds, or sudden indispositions, and unforeseen obstacles, for I know exactly their meaning and their worth; and, by Hell! if you can get no other Desdemona, I will summon the spirit of the murdered Fandaurin, that she may herself play the leading part once more!"

The old man crossed himself, and walked up and down uneasily. "What recklessness," said he, "if she should appear like the marble guest at the Don's banquet! Do not talk thus, I beg of you! Who can tell how near Death may be standing to all of us?"

The friends departed, and, shaking off the feeling that had for a moment oppressed them, laughed at the whole affair, the old foreboding Manager, with his cap and fur slippers, serving them during their walk home as a butt for many a jest, which wore the semblance of mirth, if it did not contain its essence.

VI.

There were times and hours in which the Major could not recognise in the Count his old frank comrade and companion in arms. If he was sometimes gay, lively, beaming with wit and humour, captivating the company by his anecdote, and winning even the serious by a fine and delicate vein of thought—which he could strike even in his liveliest sallies—so there were moments when he was completely the reverse. He would become short and reserved in his replies, his eyes were sunk on the earth, his lips compressed; gradually his mood would grow darker, he would clench his hands, and, if spoken to, replied harshly and wildly. The Major had already observed that these were the moments when it was necessary to draw him away from the company, for in a few minutes he would lose his self-command, take offence at every innocent remark, and rage and rave like a madman. The Major was much with him; he had formerly gained great influence over him, which he now exercised to repress these outbreaks of passion; but in the retirement of his chamber they became still more terrible; there he raved, cursed in the imprecations of every language, accused himself, and then would weep bitterly. "Am I not a wretch—a despised, miserable wretch"—he once exclaimed in one of these fits of passion—"to trample on every oath, to break every duty, to cast aside the truest affections that ever man possessed, to break a heart whose whole trust and dependence is on me! Thoughtlessly have I wandered through life, playing and trifling with my happiness, because I dreamed in my folly of being a second Kosciusko—and am now nothing but a fool, rejected and despised by all men! And thus to repay such love—such self-sacrifice and truth!"

"The Major used every means of consolation: "Did you not say that the Princess loved you first? Could she expect any other feeling from you than that which your acquaintance permitted?"

"Ha! why remind me of her?" said the Count. "She, she, too, is betrayed! How childlike in her innocence she was when I, like a destroyer, crossed her path! I gazed on her while yet the brightness of a youth, to which sorrow was unknown, beamed from her eyes! Then again my levity beset me; I forgot all my good resolves—all to which I ought alone to have listened; I plunged into a torrent of passion, and drew over conscience the veil of oblivion!" He wept—remembrance seemed in some degree to console him. "And could I—could I," he murmured, "then forsake her? I felt, I saw, I read it in her eyes, that she loved me. Could I fly from her, when I marked the morning dawn of love in the blush upon her cheek, when the first glance of conscious affection fell on me, as if appealing to me for its return? Could I then have left her?"

"I pity you," said the Major. "Where lives the man who could resist such appeal?"

"And when I dared to tell her how I worshipped her; when she, proud in her affection, confessed her love; when our hearts spoke to each other in that silent language Love teaches so well, and learns so soon; when one glance, one moment's pressure of the hand, tells more than words can express; when one dwells a whole day on the anticipation of an evening, an hour, a single minute; when one lives upon the memory of that brief moment till evening comes again: could I so part—so meet—and then leave her for ever?"

"And who prolongs all this?" said the Count. "It had been hard, indeed, to have rejected a love which thus sacrificed all rank and station. I wish there had been more prudence; but I think all is not yet lost."

The Count appeared not to hear him; his tears flowed faster; his eyes seemed gazing deeper into the past.

"And when she spoke of how I might obtain her hand—when she permitted me to imprint a kiss upon her princely brow—when the lips, whose lightest wishes were commands to a whole people, were pressed to mine—when the prince of the princess was lost in the affection of the woman—then—then—Oh! how could I fly from her?"

"You ought to be a happy man, Count. Even in this mystery itself, there must be a peculiar fascination. Why do you so curse such an attachment? Calm yourself; the opinion of the world may be a thing very indifferent to you when you are both happy, for in reality the circumstances are not so desperate as they seem to be."

The Count had listened to him, but his eye wandered, his brow grew darker, he ground his teeth, as if in excess of agony. "Judge me not so gently," he

said, "I do not deserve it; I am a villain whom you ought to hate and scorn! Oh! that I could purchase forgetfulness—that I could blot whole years from my memory! I will—I must forget, or I shall go mad! Give me wine, comrade, I will drink; there are flames raging within me; I will drink, that I may drown at once both memory and thought."

The Major was a cool, reflecting man: he heard very calmly these bursts of repentance, and self-accusation. "He is light-headed," he said to himself; "I have known him somewhat thus of old; such men fly easily from one extreme to the other. He now sees crime in his attachment, because it may bring reprobation on the rank of the Princess; in the next moment, he will be rapt with the delight of its memory."

The wine was brought, and the Major filled the glasses; the Count drank several draughts in succession, and walked rapidly up and down the room, but in silence; he stopped an instant before his friend—filled another glass, drank, and walked up and down as before. The Major would not break his silent mood; he sipped his wine, looking over his glass at the movements of his friend.

"Major," said the Count, at last, throwing himself into a seat, "what feeling of the mind do you consider the most terrible?"

The Major still sipped his wine thoughtfully, and, after a pause, said—"The sense of honour is the keenest; it gives the greatest pleasure, it is also capable of producing the greatest pain; I hold wounded honour to be the most insupportable of all feelings."

The Count laughed bitterly: "Get back the fees you paid the metaphysical professor who taught you so badly, for you have been robbed of them! Wounded honour! Does your knowledge of the soul go no deeper than that? Wounded honour is conscious of the injury, and in consciousness is life, though it may be life in pain; in the heart there still exists the feeling that can rise superior to the injury, or repay it on him who inflicted it; it has the possibility of making that honour again pure and stainless. But go deeper yet, comrade: what feeling of the soul is still more unendurable?"

"I have heard of one," replied the Major, but it is a feeling which men like you and I, Count—know not, it is called self-contempt!"

The Count trembled, and turned pale; he stood gazing on his friend for some time in silence; then said, "Right, comrade! that strikes deeper! Men like us ought not to know what is called self-contempt; but the devil spreads skillfully his snares on earth, and ere man sees them he is caught! Have you ever felt the pain of indecision, Major?"

"No, thank heaven, I have never experienced it; my path always went straight to the goal!"

"Then, have you been happy? Yet do you remember the morning we rode together out of the gate of Warsaw? Our thoughts, our movements, belonged to the great spirit of that leader who subdued the minds of all men to his will; but to whom belonged the heart of the Polish Lancer? Our trumpets played that native air, which, when we were boys, inflamed us with a passionate love of our country, and every note thrilled again through our breasts, though we were marshalled among the hosts of the stranger; to whom, at that moment, comrade, did our hearts belong?"

"To Poland to Poland!" said the Major, with enthusiasm. "Yes, then—then—I confess I felt a pang of doubt and indecision!"

"Well for you is it if that time was the only one, or the last; of our indecision the Tempter makes good use; he lets us snatch here a taste of happiness, and beyond us he points out greater delights—yet deeper pleasures!"

"Possibly!" said the Major; "but man has the strength to remain steadfast to the part he has chosen!"

"Ay, that is it," said the Count; "man has it, or ought to have; but when bereft of that, he sinks at last to—self-contempt! And why should I seem better than I am? Comrade, you are a man of honour—fly me as you would a pestilence! for honour I have lost! You are a man of firmness; despise me, for I despise myself; know that I am!"

"Peace!" said his friend, interrupting him; "there is some one at the door. Come in!"

(To be continued.)

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE COMMANDER IN-CHIEF AT PORTSMOUTH.—The declining health of Admiral Sir Charles Rowley, Bart., has induced that gallant officer to intimate his intention to retire in a few days from the command-in-chief at Portsmouth, in which he will be succeeded by Admiral Sir Charles Ogle, who has accepted the appointment.

SIR HENRY POTTINGER.—It is stated that Major-General Sir Henry Pottinger, who is now on a tour in Scotland with Lady Pottinger, will receive the colonelcy of the 75th Foot, rendered vacant by the demise of Sir William Hutchinson.

THE LATE CAPTAIN ROBERT MAUNSELL, C.B.—We have to announce the death of Captain Robert Maunsell, C.B., a Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital. Captain Maunsell was a gallant and distinguished officer, and was very much respected.

THE 13TH (PRINCE ALBERT'S) LIGHT INFANTRY.—New colours having been presented to the 65th and 34th Regiments of Foot, it is stated that the 18th will receive a new standard shortly after the return of the Royal party from the Continent.

THE MARKETS.

CORN-EXCHANGE (Friday).—The present week's arrivals of wheat, of home produce, coastwise, as well as by land-carriage and sample, have been seasonably extensive, viz., 5910 quarters, about a moiety of which has been produced this year. The quality of the new wheat on show to-day was very good; while the prices obtained varied from 48s to 60s per quarter. A few of the parcels weighed 64lb per bushel. The supply of old English wheat not being large, and the attendance of buyers somewhat on the increase, the demand for that article was steady, at prices fully equal to those obtained on Monday. In new wheat only a moderate balance was offered at this day's opening command, and as there was a clearance was not effected. A large quantity of foreign wheat has been received this week, the total import having rather exceeded 15,000 quarters. Selected qualities ranged off steadily, other kinds slowly, at previous figures. The duty has now fallen to 17s per quarter; but, as yet, very few parcels have been entered for home consumption. In corn, under lock, very little was doing, yet holders would not submit to lower terms. Very little barley was on show. Grinding parcels were in request at full prices. In other kinds comparatively little was doing. The supply of malt on the increase, that article ruled dull, and where sales were pressed a slight decline in value was submitted to. From Ireland no oats have reached us this week, yet the supply of free foreign was good. The oat trade was again dull at fairly stationary prices. Beans were in moderate request at unaltered figures. There was rather more doing in peas; but flour experienced a very dull inquiry.

ARRIVAL.—English wheat, 5910 quarters; malt, 5490 quarters; flour, 3200; oats, 940 quarters; flour, 330; sacks; malt, 5490 quarters; flour, 3200; oats, 200; barley, 180; oats, 40 quarters; Irish: wheat, 56s; barley, 48s to 55s; ditto, white, 56s to 62s; rye, 32s to 36s; grinding barley, 28s to 30s; ditto, 28s to 30s; malting ditto, 30s to 32s; Lincoln and Norfolk malt, 58s to 63s; brown ditto, 56s to 61s; Kingston and Ware, 59s to 60s; Chevalier, 65s; Yorkshire and Lincolnshire feed, 57s to 62s; ticken, 23s to 24s; potato ditto, 24s to 26s; Youghal and Cork, 20s to 21s; ditto, white, 21s to 24s; ticken, beans, new, 28s to 40s; ditto, old, 40s to 42s; grey peas, 33s to 40s; maple, 38s to 40s; white, 38s to 40s; boilers, 38s to 40s per quarter. Town made flour, 51s to 53s; Suffolk, 42s to 55s; white, 57s to 62s. **In Bond.**—Barley, 22s to 25s; oats, new, 1s to 1s½; ditto, feed, 16s to 17s; beans, 32s to 34s; pea, 34s to 35s per quarter. Flour, America, 12s to 23s; Baltic, 21s to 23s per barrel.

Bread.—The price of wheat bread in the Metropolis are from 8d to 8d; of household ditto, 6d to 7d; per lb. per quart.

Imperial Weekly Average.—Wheat, 56s 6d; barley, 30s 0d; oats, 22s 4d; rye 35s 7d; beans, 4s 1d; peas 3s 4d.

French Weekly Average.—Wheat, 55s 1d; barley, 29s 7d; oats, 22s 6d; rye, 33s 10d; beans, 4s 1d; peas, 3s 5d.

Duties on Foreign Corn.—Wheat 17s; barley 9s; oats, 6s; rye, 9s 6d; beans, 1s 6d; peas 2s 6d.

Tea.—There is rather more inquiry for low qualities of Congou, at a slight advance in value. Common sorts are 10d; Twankays firm, at 12d to 13d per lb.

Sugar.—West India sugar has been in good request, at fully last week's quotations. East India, Mauritius, and foreign qualities, support previous rates. The market being better supplied with refined goods, rather easier rates have been accepted. Brown lumps are selling at 55s.; and standard do., 66s to 66s per lb.

Coffee.—Very few parcels have been submitted to public competition since our last. The private contract trade, notwithstanding the stocks now in warehouse are somewhat decreasing, is heavy. Good ordinary Waterford is doing well at 1s 6d per lb.

Indigo.—Owing to the approaching public sales, of 16,264 cwt., there is very little inclination manifested to purchase.

Butter.—With the large arrival of foreign parcels, the demand for Irish butter is heavy, at a further slight depression in the quotations. Dutch butter is quiet at 8s to 8s for fine, and 7s to 8s for inferior qualities. A large quantity is doing well at 1s 6d an advance of from 1s to 2s per cwt. Prime sizeable Waterford is producing 50s to 53s; inferior 45s to 48s; and heavy, 40s to 45s per cwt. Irish hams move off freely at 58s to 62s for prime sizeable Linckricks, 56s to 58s for Belfast, and 66s for Westmorland. Lard is somewhat dearer. The best bladnerd brings 60s to 63s.

Oils.—The market for linseed oil is very steady at full prices. In southern and some other kinds, rather more business is doing.

Tallow.—For most kinds of tallow the sale is firm, at the late advance. Old P. Y. C., on the spot, brings 4s 9d to 4s 1



BUSHMEN CHILDREN, EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

BUSHMEN CHILDREN.

Two Bushmen (*Boshies-men*) Children have lately been brought from the interior of Africa, and are now exhibiting some feats at the Egyptian Hall, n Piccadilly. They are a girl and a boy, not related to each other: the female is thirty-two inches high, and eight years old; and the male only forty-four inches in height, though nearly full grown, and sixteen years of age. They wear the dress of their tribe (Hottentots); they throw a spear, dance, &c.; the Bushman, as a Corporal of the Army, goes through the Manual and Platoon Exercises; and the Bush girl appears as a Soldier's Wife; and their several feats are very amusing. Their parents are stated to have been murdered by Kaffirs, who pursue and exterminate the Bushman Tribe with unrelenting ferocity: they were rescued by a Dutch Trader, and taken to Cape Town, whence they have been brought to this country. We hope they may here receive many visitors: the season, it is true, is somewhat unpropitious for sights; to the Ethnographers, in a scientific point of view, these specimens of a "pigmy race" may be especially interesting.

THE WHIRLWIND AT ROUEN.—A few days ago, at the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Arago communicated some curious facts, derived from investigations, respecting the extraordinary meteor which caused such dire effects at Rouen. The disastrous visitation commenced in the valley of Malauney and the valley of Monville, about half-past twelve o'clock in the day, by the rapid shock of winds and clouds striking in opposite directions, preceded by gusts of an extraordinarily hot wind, equally remarked at Paris, and so burning, that the mistress of an inn, although standing before a kitchen fire, felt it, as well as many other persons, on all of whom it produced a most oppressive effect. Similar electrical phenomena soon followed. It was remarked that the whirlwind presented the shape of an inverted cone, of which the point looked red. It did not proceed in a right line, but zig-zag, and particularly in the direction where there were masses of iron or steel, such as factories, leaving untouched the intermediate spaces. What is more extraordinary, it only struck parts of the same house, those parts having quantities of ironwork, leaving untouched the parts which had little or none. Trees of a century were in some places twisted, in others torn up, and in other places broken. But the most remarkable feature of the whole was this, that a quantity of substances, some of great weight, such as planks of wood, five feet in length, were sucked up into the air, and carried to a distance of nine leagues, after a journey of seven hours. While the tempest was at its height, the barometer fell 17 millimetres, a fact proved by Professor Preisser. This philosopher does not doubt that the phenomenon was essentially electric. During the passage of the whirlwind, from which flashes of lightning played, some persons smelled a sulphurous odour, and heard a rolling noise—workmen felt themselves moved to and fro, while flames flashed before their eyes. Bits of burned cotton and other materials were found, although there had been no conflagration. Several cooking spits were magnetised. Of the killed, some showed no mark of external injury; many showed rapid signs of decomposition; and, altogether there can be no doubt that the cause was of an electric nature.

WEST INDIA PINE-APPLES.

The attempt made last year to import into this country Pine-apples, from the West Indies, was attended with such success as to induce speculators to improve the culture. This was, indeed, requisite; for some of the specimens were acrid enough to set the teeth on edge. We last year engraved "the new articles," *en masse*, and now we present our readers with the mode of retailing them in the streets of the metropolis—just as cherries have been cried and sold some 200 years since, when Herrick sang. This is

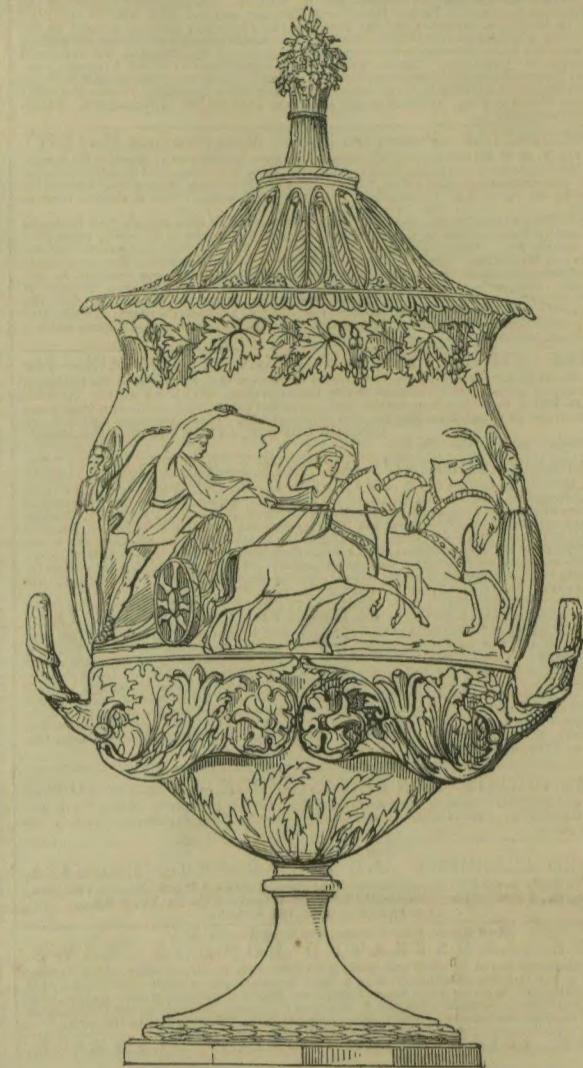
certainly another step in the ladder of luxury—"Pine apples a penny a slice!" We perceive that a writer in *Jerrold's Magazine* for the present month has turned this great "social change" to account, in a sketch entitled "Pine-apple Shot;" in which the pride of a certain Mrs. Pratt lies in "It is a fruit which never can become common. A present of one is a present; and ours, people are good enough to say, are peculiarly well grown!" But, Time turns Pratts old, Pratt dies; and many years afterwards, the Pines of Pratt Park lose caste: the old lady, in a fit of infatuation, unmindful of what had been passing in this Great World, journeys to London with "a black Jamaica," to present to her Majesty. On her road to the hotel, Mrs. Pratt's chaise "runs into a New Providence cart, with the tempting and strange cry—'Pine-apples! New Providence Pines! a penny a slice!' She had seen it—heard it—smelt it—not, no, tasted it! That uneasy resolution to go up to London, and 'pay her duty,' had, then, been but a rushing to her doom!" The poor little lady did not long survive the shock—but died of a discharge of "Pine-apple Shot!" "The knell of the ancient gentlewoman is tolled! Post-chaises are crumbling, and Pine-apples sold in the streets for a penny a slice!" It is really a very pungent piece of satire.

Jesting apart, the Pine trade has already become permanently established: in one week upwards of 11,000 pine apples have been sold by one house!—averaging from 1s. to 3s. each; and the same brokers have sold 100,000 this season. Meanwhile, they have been cried by cartloads and barrowfuls through the streets for sale! We ourselves saw a cartload in New Bond-street, surrounded by a clamorous host, and footman clambering for a fine purchase! Had Brummell seen this, he would have henceforth classed pines with "the hot, intoxicating liquor"—port.

THE HESKETH FLEETWOOD TESTIMONIAL.

Some time since, a public meeting was held at Poulton, to present to Sir P. Hesketh Fleetwood, Bart., M.P., some testimonial of the high estimation in which he is held in the neighbourhood of Rossall, where Sir Hesketh and his family have long resided. A subscription was opened for the above purpose, and the list ultimately contained the names of between three and four hundred of the worthy baronet's neighbours residing in the townships of Poulton, Thornton, Bispham, and Blackpool, and of a few other friends connected with the district.

A piece of plate was chosen by the Committee, selected from a number of designs furnished by Jones and Fryer, Cornhill, London. It consists of a very splendid silver vase and cover, of 140 guineas value. It is of the Etruscan form, with a highly-finished medallion on the front, representing the figure of Victory awarding the wreath of laurel to the successful candidate for fame; on the other side, a medallion with a short appropriate inscription; above these are elegant wreaths of grape and vine leaves, with handsome intertwined oak handles, most skilfully executed. On the top of the cover is the wheatsheaf, Sir Hesketh's crest, and singularly emblematic of the corn district in which



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his admirers reside. This superb testimonial was presented a few days since.

CHESS.

To Correspondents.—*"Dick Tinto."*—You will find some admirable problems, o the "suicidal kind," both in D'Orville's "Small Collection of Problems," published at Antwerp; and in Brede's "Almanack for the Amateurs of Chess Play," printed at Altona. From the last we have extracted the two following.—Place the men thus—White: K at Q R sq, Q at her Kt 5th, R at Q Kt 2nd, Kt at K R 4th; Black: K at his 8th, B at Q B 8th, Kt at K Kt 5th, Pawn at Q R 5th. Here White compels Black to checkmate him in nine moves. Again—White: K at his R. sq, Q at her R 6th, R at K R 8th, R at Q Kt 2nd, Kt at Q B 8th; Black: K at Q B 4th, Q at K Kt 2nd, R at K 2nd, B at K Kt 5th, Pawn at K R 5th, Kt at 4th, and K 4th. White now compels Black to checkmate him in eleven moves.

"F. W. P."—In Mr. Kuiper's problem of last week, by simply placing the White Q R P on the 4th sq, instead of the 3rd, you have a perfect and very ingenious stratagem. Without this amendment we confess it appears to us impossible to effect the mate in five moves.

"J. S. M."—We cannot spare time to examine problems which come unaccompanied with their solutions.

"W. V."—Is insatiable. Three problems and two games are surely an ample allowance, considering the limited space allotted for Chess in our paper. Why does he not stop his craving with the "Chess Player's Chronicle" as well, which is all chess from the first page to the last?

"H. T."—*"Hartlepool."*—The "Chess Players' Chronicle," or Lewis's "Second Series of Chess Lessons."

"J. H. K."—*"Rules for the Double Game of Chess"* may be got from Sherwin, the chess-men turner, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn.

"Observer," Greenwich.—Bilquer and Heydebrant's "Hand-book of Chess," which you may obtain at any of the respectable foreign booksellers.

"W. B. H."—In the second and third problem, published under the head of "Harrow," in last week's No., the mate must be given with the K Kt pawn, and not with a Queen. They would be simple enough otherwise.

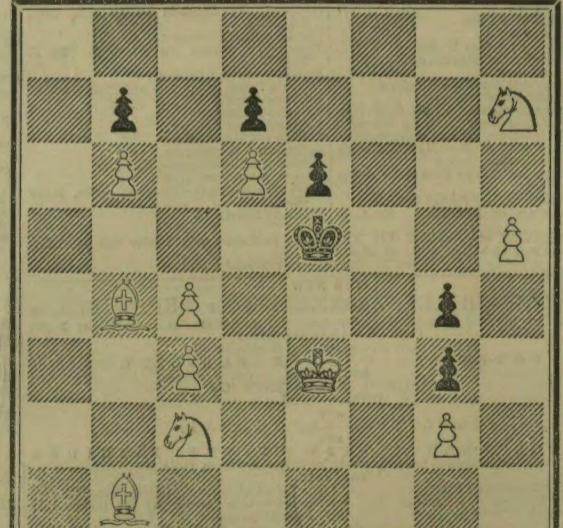
Solutions by *"R. R."*, *"M. W."*, *"Novice"*, *"W. B. H."*, *"J. W. H."*, *"F. G."*, *"B. S. H."*, and *"J. B."* (who is requested to pay the postage of his future communications), are correct. Those by *"Alpha"*, *"N. H. O."*, *"P. Simple"*, *"Q. Q."*, are all wrong.

PROBLEM, NO. 85.

For this very clever little stratagem, the invention of a young English amateur, we are indebted to the Honorary Secretary of the London Chess Club.

White playing first is to mate in four moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM, NO. 84.

WHITE.

1. Q to K B's 6th (ch)

2. Kt to K's 8th (ch)

3. B to Q's 4th (ch)

4. Kt to K B's 6th, and play as Black can, he must be mated with the K Kt Pawn next move.

(This would be true, and the problem one of much beauty, had Mr. Kuiper placed the White Q R's P on the 4th instead of the 3rd square. As it stands, we believe the mate may be postponed in the first variation, by Black's taking the Q R's P with his Q.—ED.)

* 1. K to Q 2nd
K takes Q or *
K to his 4th
K takes R

2. Q takes Kt (ch)

3. Q to K 8th (ch)

4. Q to B's 8th—mate

K to Q sq

K to B's 2nd



"PINE-APPLES, A PENNY A SLICE